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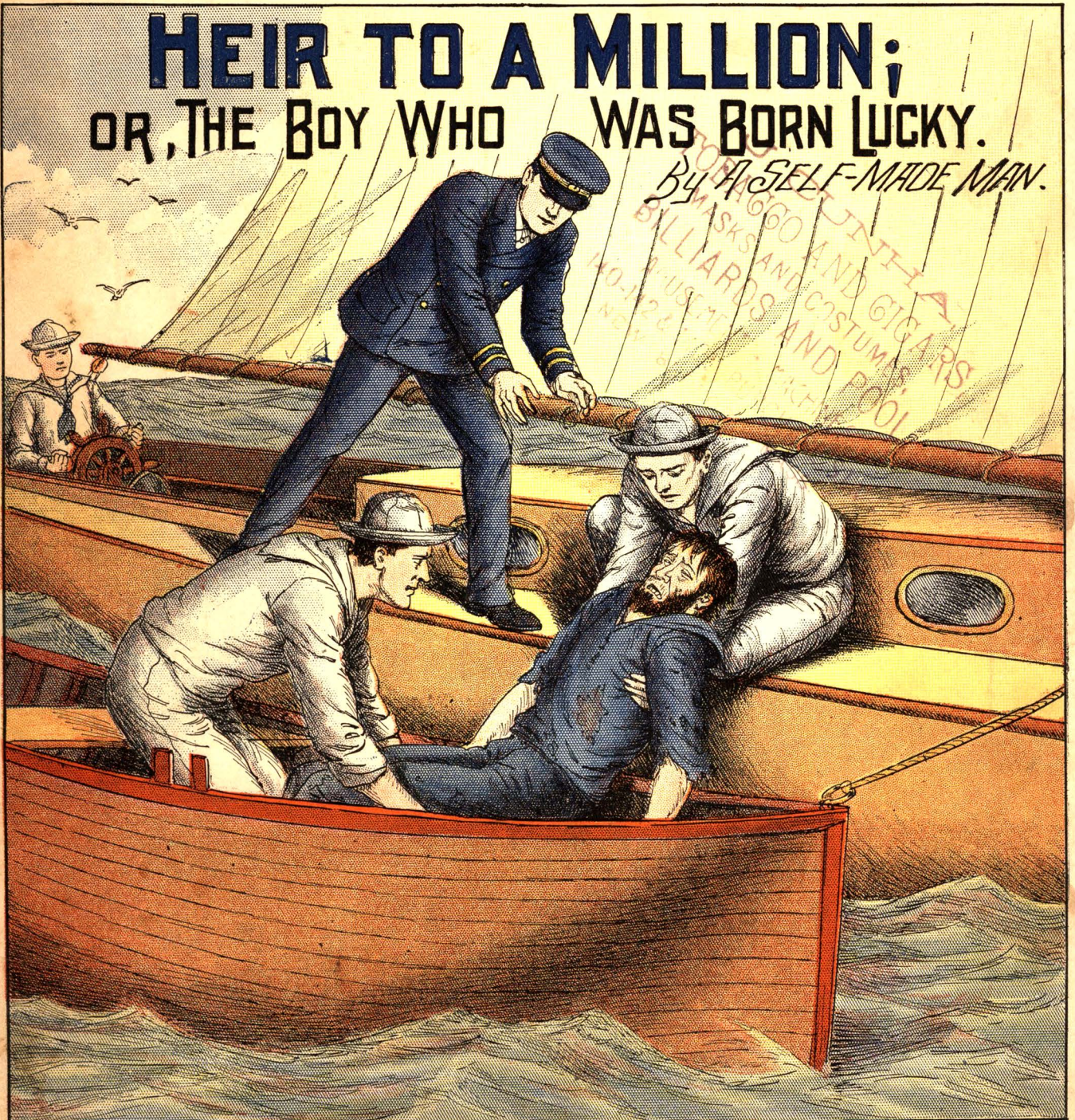
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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

## HEIR TO A MILLION; OR, THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY.

BY A SELF-MADE MAN.



"Lift him up gently, fellows," said Jack, bending forward to give them a hand. "The poor fellow seems to be about done up." "He's nothing but a wreck, and is as light as a feather, almost," replied Tuttle, raising the sailor up.

# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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# HEIR TO A MILLION

OR,

## THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," grinned Joe Tuttle, who had just picked a nickel off the ground, exhibiting his find.

"That's right," replied Jack Ward. "It's a wonder I didn't find it instead of you."

"Why so?"

"Because I was born lucky."

"Who said you were?"

"Several people."

"Who for instance?"

"The first was an old Southern negress, who worked for us when I came into the world. Before I was an hour old she told mother that I had been born under a lucky star, and would be rich before I was twenty-one."

"She said that, did she?"

"So mother told me."

"Do you take any stock in the yarn?"

"I've got four years ahead of me to make it good."

"Who else handed you out the same fairy tale?" snickered Tuttle.

"A gypsy woman."

"The gypsies are famous for telling fortunes. Did this one tell yours?" asked Joe with some interest.

"Yes."

"What did she have to say?"

"She read the lines in my hand and told me that I was born lucky."

"Did she tell you you'd be rich before you were twenty-one?"

"She lopped off three years, and made it eighteen."

"She was real good, wasn't she?" chuckled Tuttle.

"If it will only come true I'll consider her all to the mustard."

"Any other person tell you the same ghost story?" grinned Joe.

"Sure, Old Mother Hubbard, you know her, she read my fortune in a teacup."

"She said you'd be rich, too, I s'pose?"

"That's what she did. Said she saw me surrounded with money."

"I'd like to see myself surrounded with money; but I don't think I ever will," snickered Tuttle. "Go on. Who else handed you out the same chestnut?"

"Professor Gregory."

"Our mathematical teacher?" exclaimed Joe, in some surprise.

Jack nodded.

"He said you were born lucky?"

"He did."

"When did he tell you so?"

"Yesterday."

"What does he base his prediction on?"

"The stars."

"The what?"

"I mean the planets."

"Say, what's this you're giving me?" asked Joe, incredulously.

"Professor Gregory is an expert in the science of astrology. He's also up in palmistry—the art of reading your past, present and future by the lines and marks on your palms, like the gypsies. He looked at my hand the other day, and it interested him so much that he said he would like to cast my horoscope."

"What's that?"

"According to Professor Gregory it is an observation made of the heavens at the moment of a person's birth, by which a person skilled in astrology claims to be able to foretell the events of anybody's life."

"Thanks. That's as clear as mud to me."

"It's the best explanation I can give you. If you want to understand the idea better, go and talk with the professor. What he doesn't know about the subject isn't worth considering."

"Did you let him cast your horoscope?"

"I told him to go ahead."

"How did he do it?"

"Ask me something easy, will you? I didn't see him do it. He asked me to tell him the day and hour I was born, and the place. Yesterday afternoon he called me aside and showed me the result of his calculations. He said that I was heir to a million."

"Heir to a million!" gasped Joe. "Gee whiz! He was liberal with you."

"Not only that, but he assured me that I would get the million before I was a year older. This is the luckiest year of my life."

"And you believe all that rot?" asked Tuttle, with a look of disgust.

"It does sound just a little bit preposterous, doesn't it?"

"I should say it did. Heir to a million, and you're going to get the million right away. Well, I didn't think the professor would find pleasure in stuffing any of us chaps like that. Did he say who was going to leave you the million?"

"No."

"Got any relatives in the meat trust, or ice trust, or —"

"No," laughed Jack. "I'm not so fortunate."

"You ought to have, being that you were born lucky."

"No. Mother was a lone chick when father married her. She had neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters."

"Maybe some of your father's folks are side partners of Rockefeller," grinned Tuttle.

Jack shook his head.

"Then I don't see how you can be heir to a million."

"Neither do I. I'd be willing to trade off my expectations for enough of good American bills to pay off the mortgage on our cottage, or even a year or two's interest."

"I wouldn't mind having the professor cast my horoscope if I thought he could find a million in it for me," chuckled Joe.

"What would you do with a million in money, Joe, if you got it?"

"What would I do with it? Say, don't make my mouth water, Jack. I could figure up five hundred different ways of getting rid of some of it. In the first place I'd take Sue Rankin down to the ice cream parlor and fill her up to the neck with frozen sweetness. She told me this morning that if there was anything she doted on it was ice cream and sponge cake."

"That was a pretty broad hint," laughed Jack.

"I'm going to borrow a quarter from mother after supper so that I can satisfy Sue's longings. If I don't treat her, Waddie Wilcox will, and then I'll have to punch Waddie in the solar plexus. He's getting too fresh with Sue Rankin."

"Waddie's father is the mainstay in this village, and Waddie has the spondulix to treat the girls. That's where he's got the inside track with us chaps."

"He wants to keep away from Sue Rankin or there's going to be trouble," said Tuttle, beligerently.

"You want to go slow, Joe. Squire Wilcox might have you put in the lock-up if you were to hurt his son and heir."

"Then let his son and heir mind his own business. What do you s'pose he had the nerve to try to do at the picnic last Saturday?"

"What?"

"Tried to steal a kiss from Sue."

"He was reckless, wasn't he? I know a man who stole a kiss from a pretty girl and he's paying the penalty for it."

"What was the penalty?"

"Hard labor for life."

"Oh, come off. How could he get hard labor for life just for kissing a girl?"

"He married the girl," snickered Jack.

"Say, you're almost smart enough to be editor of a comic paper," replied Joe.

Jack chuckled again, but made no reply.

The two boys, who were schoolmates and chums, were on their way to one of the wharves of the village of Northcliffe, Long Island, the place where they both lived.

Jack Ward, who was the elder by three months, was the only son of a widow in very moderate circumstances.

He had a sister named Daisy, two years his junior, and the three lived in a pretty cottage not a great way from the bay.

Jack attended the Northcliffe Academy, and was considered one of the brightest and most promising students.

He was also regarded as one of the smartest boys in the neighborhood.

He was an expert in all out-of-door sports, particularly that of boating.

The water had attractions for him that was second to no other amusement, and he was never so happy as when sailing about the harbor, or out into the great bay beyond, which connected with Long Island Sound.

His father, now dead two years, had been employed as a

skilled mechanic in one of the three shipyards of Northcliffe, and Jack for many years had the run of the yard.

He was thoroughly familiar with the build and rig of every sort of craft, from a yawl to a full-rigged ship, though a three-masted schooner was about the largest kind of a vessel that was turned out of the yards those days.

Jack could handle a fore-and-after about as good as an experienced sailor, but his experience was confined to the thirty-footers and under.

Squire Wilcox employed him as sailing master of his son Waddie's sloop-yacht, *Will o' the Wisp*, a very pretty little boat, thirty-two feet long.

He received \$10 a week for this service, during the time the boat was in commission, and the job was a sinecure.

Joe Tuttle, Dick Mellon and Sam Smiley made up the crew of the *Will o' the Wisp*, the two latter being particular friends of Waddie's.

None of them had known anything to speak of about sailing a boat until Jack Ward took them in hand and drilled them in their duties.

As for Waddie, he steered the yacht, under Jack's general supervision, whenever he felt so disposed.

Waddie, like the only sons of many rich fathers, was a self-assertive youth, and wanted to have his own way on all occasions; but he didn't always get it just the same.

His father was a sensible man, who knew better than to spoil his son, though it is true that the squire was rather pompous in his manner, and often abrupt and offensive to his social inferiors, as he regarded them.

Squire Wilcox also had a daughter of fifteen years, named Nannie, who was looked upon as one of the prettiest, as well as sweetest girls in Northcliffe.

Although heiress to half of her father's comfortable fortune, she did not assume a haughty and exclusive deportment toward her neighbors, or in fact anyone with whom she came in contact.

She was very partial to boat sailing, consequently a frequent passenger on the *Will o' the Wisp*, and Jack Ward thought her the nicest girl he had ever met.

She always treated Jack with great courtesy and consideration, often smoothed over little difficulties that rose between the young sailing-master and the owner of the yacht, and was regarded by our hero as an angel in disguise.

On the present occasion Waddie had notified Jack that he and Joe Tuttle must report at the wharf at two p. m., prepared for a cruise down the bay, and they expected to find Mellon and Smiley waiting for them.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CRUISE ON THE SOUND.

"There's Smiley now," said Joe, as they came in sight of the wharf, "but I don't see Mellon."

"Dick is more often late than not," replied Jack. "It's a wonder, too, for he is stuck on going out in the yacht

whenever the chance occurs. He likes the water so well that I call him a water-Mellon."

"Don't get off any more like that. It's enough to make a fellow Melloncholy."

"That isn't bad for you, Joe. I see you're something of a punster yourself."

"It's catching, I guess. Constant association with you is having a bad effect on me, you see."

By this time they were within earshot of Smiley, and Joe asked him where Dick Mellon was.

"He went on an errand for Waddie," replied Sam, with a grin.

"Then I suppose he'll be along directly," said Jack. "Anybody going out with Waddie to-day?"

"Yes. His sister and a couple of cousins from New York."

"Here comes Dick," interjected Joe. "Seems to be taking his time."

"When he carries his hands in his pocket like he does now, you can gamble on it there's something wrong," volunteered Sam Smiley.

"Maybe something he ate for lunch doesn't agree with him," laughed Jack.

Dick strolled up as though he had lead attached to his feet.

"Hello, Dick," cried Jack, "what's troubling your conscience this afternoon. You look as happy as a dog on Fourth of July with a pack of lighted crackers tied to his tail."

"You chaps can go home if you want. The cruise is off," replied Mellon.

"Did Waddie send you down to tell us that?" asked Jack.

"That's what he did," answered Dick, kicking a stone into the water.

"Why this sudden change in arrangements?"

"Waddie's high-toned relatives preferred to go out in the old man's automobile, and what they want goes, see!"

"Oh, all right. What's the difference?"

"Well, it makes a difference with me. I had set my mind on a sail, and now I'm dished out of it," grumbled Mellon.

"Same here," chipped in Smiley. "I want to go out the worst way."

"I wouldn't mind going myself; but we can't take the yacht without Waddie's permission," said Jack.

"What's the matter with you running over to his house and asking his permission?" said Sam, brightening up.

"Too late," groaned Dick. "Waddie and his cousins are off by this time."

"There's the squire at the head of the next wharf talking to the superintendent of the yard. He might let us take the boat," said Tuttle.

"Go over and ask him, Jack, that's a good fellow," remarked Sam, eagerly.

"All right. Anything to oblige," remarked Jack, starting off on his mission.

Squire Wilcox authorized the young sailing-master to use the *Will o' the Wisp* that afternoon, and he waved his arm

at his companions in a way they took to mean that his application had been successful.

The frown cleared away from Dick Mellon's brow and he became himself again.

"We'll just have the time of our lives to-day," he said. "Waddie won't be aboard to boss things, and say where we shall go and where we sha'n't go. If I've got anything to say we'll go out on the Sound."

"We'll go where the real skipper of the boat takes us," replied Joe.

"Well, he can take us out on the Sound just as well as not," retorted Dick. "It's a dandy afternoon on the water. There's a spanking breeze, and it will send the yacht kiting. If we all stand out for the Sound I guess we'll get there."

The Will o' the Wisp was anchored a short distance from the shore, and the boys reached her by means of a small rowboat which was kept at a boathouse close by when the yacht was at her moorings.

Tuttle, Mellon and Smiley, when on duty aboard the yacht, wore a white uniform of the Naval Reserve variety, while Jack was attired in the regulation sailing-master's rig.

They got the boat underway in short order, and Jack headed her down the harbor, which was so completely landlocked, that from the village it seemed more like a great lake.

The long semi-circle of The Neck, a spit of land shaped like a fishhook, guarded it from the Sound, and made it the safest of havens.

On either side of the harbor rose the hills, thickly crowned with forests.

As a place of summer resort Northcliffe was very popular among the north side villages.

"Do we go out on the Sound, or don't we?" asked Dick Mellon, after the yacht was well down the harbor.

The three boys were perched on the weather side of the cockpit, close to Jack, who was steering, and there was an aggressive note in Dick's voice.

"We'll put the matter to vote," replied sailing-master Ward, quietly. "Those in favor of a short cruise on the Sound will hold up their arms."

Three arms went up at once.

"The vote is unanimous," said Jack. "The Sound it is."

"Good enough," grinned Dick. "We'll go around The Neck, I s'pose, and head eastward toward Crane Neck Point. We've got the whole afternoon before us."

Mellon's suggestion was adopted by Jack, as there appeared to be no opposition to it.

An hour later the Will o' the Wisp was pushing her nose through the sparkling waters of the Sound.

The boys enjoyed themselves immensely, as they experienced a sense of freedom that was not their's when Commander Waddie was on board.

"This is something like," remarked Dick, now in high good humor. "If I ever get rich I'm going to own a yacht just like this one."

"If you were born under a lucky planet like Jack you'd be sure to get the yacht all right," chuckled Joe.

"Born under a lucky planet!" exclaimed Dick. "Ho; What do you mean by that?"

"Ask Professor Gregory," replied Joe. "He can tell your fortune by astrology. He cast Jack's horoscope and told him that he was heir to a million."

"He did like fun," answered Dick, incredulously.

"He did for a fact. Ask Jack if you don't believe me."

"What's this rot about Professor Gregory casting your horoscope, whatever that is, and telling you that you were heir to a million?" asked Dick, turning to Ward.

"It may be rot, of course," returned Jack, "for I haven't the slightest idea where the million is going to come from, not having any rich relatives in the background; but all the same that is what the professor told me, and he seemed to be very confident about it, too."

"The professor was filling you up with wind," sneered Mellon. "What is this horoscope business anyway?"

"I'll have to refer you to Professor Gregory," answered Jack.

"Oh, shoot Professor Gregory!" snorted Dick. "He and I don't pull together. He's got a habit of putting it all over me when I'm off in my geometrical problems that I don't like. He's pretty thick with you though. I've heard a good deal about this so-called science of astrology, but I never put any stock in it."

"I don't know whether there's anything in it or not," replied Jack; "but the professor insists that there is lots in it. For instance he told me that a man named Lilly, an English astrologer of the Seventeenth century, predicted in 1651 the Great Plague which occurred in London in 1665—four years later. He also predicted in the same year the Great Fire in London, which took place in 1666."

"Can Professor Gregory prove that this man Lilly actually made those predictions? It's easy enough now to say he did. Why, wasn't it predicted way back in the Fourteenth century that the world was to come to an end in 1881? It doesn't seem to have done so, for it is still rolling around the sun just the same as ever. It's my opinion that astrology is a fake."

"The professor told me that Lilly's prophecies were printed in book form long before the plague and the fire occurred."

"It wasn't such a hard thing for a smart chap to guess such things a few years ahead, for we read in history that in those times plagues were common in Europe, fires were of frequent occurrence, and modern methods for putting them out had not been invented. Lilly was a good guesser, that's all."

Dick chuckled as if he felt that he had scored a point on Professor Gregory.

"The professor told me that another English astrologer, who founded an almanac bearing his name, still published annually, in London, predicted in 1853 the downfall of Louis Napoleon, which happened about twenty years after," said Jack.

"Another good guess," snickered Mellon. "By the way, Ward, when are you going to come into this million that the professor promised you?"

"Some time this year."

"I'm glad he has made it so soon," grinned Dick, "it'll give me the chance to prove what a big liar he is."

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe Tuttle, jumping to his feet.

"There's an empty boat right ahead."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PAPER WORTH A MILLION.

Joe's announcement attracted the attention of the others to a weather-beaten rowboat that was bobbing up and down on the surface of the Sound about thirty yards ahead.

It appeared to be empty as far as they could make out.

"It's some old tub that's broken loose from its moorings," remarked Smiley.

Just then something that appeared like a man's arm rose out of the boat and fell across the side.

"There's a man lying down in that boat," said Jack. "He's just lifted his arm."

"Some chap who went out fishing with a bottle of booze," grinned Mellon. "He took a drop too much, like they often do, and he's knocked out."

"Then we'll have to take him aboard and let him sleep it off in the cabin," said Jack.

"If you do, he'll scent the cabin up with rum and then Waddie will be mad," replied Dick.

"We can't leave him floating around on the Sound in this reckless way. He is liable to lose his life," answered Jack, heading the yacht so as to reach to the windward of the rowboat.

"Oh, well, you're the doctor," intimated Mellon. "If you say pick him up, we'll take him aboard."

"Certainly we'll take him aboard."

As the Will o' the Wisp ran close to the floating boat the form of a man, stretched out at full length in her bottom, was clearly to be seen.

"He looks as if he had a first-class jag on," snickered Mellon.

Jack threw the yacht up into the wind and allowed the boat to come alongside of its own accord.

"He's dressed like a tramp—all tatters and rags," said Tuttle.

"Here, Smiley," said Jack. "Take the tiller and hold the yacht just as she is."

He walked forward to where Mellon and Tuttle were standing on the covered deck.

"That chap looks like a wreck," remarked the young sailing-master, gazing down into the boat, not over a yard away. "Looks more like a starved man than a drunken one. I'll bet there's something wrong with him."

His companions began to agree with him.

The stranger looked like a mere skeleton, and seemed to be in the last stage of exhaustion.

His general appearance showed that he was a sailor, though not a common one.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he belonged to some vessel that has been wrecked and that he has been floating around for days in that boat without anything to eat or drink," said Jack. "You'd better step into the boat, Mellon, and help him out."

Dick Mellon did so, eyeing the man curiously.

He caught the sailor by the hand.

The stranger opened his eyes, groaned feebly and shut them again.

Dick put his arms under the man and raised him to a sitting posture, while Joe knelt down at the edge of the yacht's deck and inserted his hands under his armpits.

"Lift him gently, fellows," said Jack, bending forward to give them a hand. "The poor fellow seems to be about done up."

"He's nothing but a wreck, and as light as a feather, almost," replied Tuttle, raising the sailor up.

The poor man seemed to be at his last gasp, and Jack hurried him into the cabin.

Dick and Joe laid him on one of the lockers, which was supplied with a soft cushion, and a pillow was pulled out from the locker underneath and placed under his head.

Jack went to a small cupboard, where spirits and various restoratives were kept for an emergency, and pouring a portion of brandy into a small glass placed it to the man's lips, allowing it to trickle down his throat.

He revived at once, but he was so weak that he could scarcely raise his arm.

"He ought to have a doctor," said Jack; "but it'll take us more than two hours to go back to Northcliffe. However, it's the best we can do, and I only hope that he won't die before we reach home."

Jack went into the cockpit, followed by Dick and Joe, and put the yacht on the return tack.

Then leaving Tuttle at the tiller he returned to the cabin to see what he could do for the strange sailor.

He remembered having read somewhere that biscuit soaked in wine was a good thing to give to a starving person when nothing better was at hand, so he got out a decanter of sherry and a few light biscuits, and proceeded to try and feed the poor fellow.

The sailor seemed to understand his motive and smiled gratefully.

It was with great difficulty that he swallowed a portion of one cracker, for his throat almost refused to do its office.

The wine stimulated him, however, and after a few minutes he was able to speak in low, uncertain tones.

"I thank you, my lad," he whispered, "but I'm afraid that I am past all help."

"I hope not," replied Jack. "We're hurrying as fast as we can to get you to a doctor."

"It's no use," answered the sailor, shaking his head dismally; "I'll never get well again. A few hours more or less

and all that will remain of David Dabney, the undertaker will hide away in the ground."

"That's a bad way to look at things," said the boy. "What you want to do is to try and brace up. Here take another drink of this wine."

The man who called himself David Dabney sipped a little of the sherry and then lay back on the pillow breathing heavily.

Jack went to the cabin door, which was lower than the cockpit by three brass-covered steps, and looked out.

He could see that the yacht was making good time on her return course and he was satisfied.

"I dare say a doctor will be able to bring him around, if I can keep his strength up until we get within reach of one," said Jack. "This is the first time I ever saw a man that was nearly starved to death."

He returned to the sailor and found him staring fixedly at the swinging tray of cut glass goblets under the skylight, through which the golden rays of the declining sun was shining.

"What craft is this?" whispered the sailor.

"A small pleasure yacht," answered Jack.

"Are you the owner?"

"Where are we?"

"No, I'm only the sailing-master. The owner is ashore."

"On the end of Long Island Sound."

The sailor seemed surprised.

He appeared to be repeating the words from the motion of his lips though they gave forth no sound.

Jack pressed him to take another drink and he did so.

He wanted him to eat another cracker but the sailor shook his head.

"Wasn't there two others in the boat?" he asked feebly.

"No. You were the only one."

"Strange," he muttered. "There were two with me when we left the brig just before she went down. That was many days ago. How long I could not guess. The brig was caught in a heavy gale, within twelve hours sail of the Bahamas, and she foundered."

"What was the name of your vessel?"

"Anthony Wayne, Charles Hubbard, master; from Rio to New York. I was second mate."

"From Rio de Janeiro to New York, you say," said Jack, making a note of the words in his memorandum book.

"And your name is David Dabney?"

The sailor nodded.

"You claim that there were two other men in the boat with you when you left your vessel?"

"Yes. A foremast hand named Bill Dacres, and the carpenter, Gabe Sherlock.

"You have no idea what happened to them?"

"No. The last I remember distinctly they were in the boat with me."

"They must have fallen overboard, for if they had been rescued by a passing vessel, you would have been also."

"I don't know," replied the mate Dabney. "They were not friendly to me."

"Not friendly to you?"

"No. They united against me in the boat, and gave me scarcely any of the provisions and water we put aboard the boat before we abandoned the brig."

"Why, that was outrageous treatment," exclaimed Jack, indignantly.

"They didn't mean that I should ever get ashore alive."

"Why not?" asked the astonished boy.

"Give me another drink and I will tell you."

Jack poured out half a glass of sherry and put it to his lips.

"Put your hand along the inside edge of my jacket and see if you find anything like a paper sewn up there," Dabney said.

Jack did so and soon discovered that the lining had been ripped open.

"There is nothing like that there, sir. The lining is all ripped."

"I thought as much," replied the mate grimly. "Take off my right shoe."

The young sailing-master followed his directions, and an oblong piece of paper fell out on the floor.

"Is this what you want?" he asked the man, showing it.

"Yes. Thank heaven I have outwitted them after all."

He took the paper in his fingers and tried to open it, but had not the strength to do so.

"Open it," he said to Jack.

The boy unfolded the paper with no little curiosity.

It was very much soiled and spotted, but the writing on it was legible, though written by an uncultivated hand.

Jack did not try to read what was written down, but placed the opened sheet in David Dabney's hands.

He looked at it several moments in silence, handling it gingerly, as if he was afraid it might come to pieces in his hands.

Then he looked up at Jack.

"You'll hardly believe me, I suppose," he said, with a ghost of a smile on his drawn features; "but this paper is worth a million dollars."

## CHAPTER IV.

### HEIR TO A MILLION.

"A million dollars!" exclaimed Jack, fully persuaded that the man was out of his mind, a conclusion not unreasonable considering Dabney's physical condition.

"A million dollars," replied the mate, with solemn earnestness. "You have heard of the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, haven't you?"

Had Jack ever heard of him?

Well, what American boy hasn't heard about that remarkable buccaneer?

There have been many notorious pirates who have skimmed the seas in their day, such as Morgan, Blackbeard,

Lafitte and others, but in reputation, at least, William Kidd is head and shoulders above them.

And yet how much did Jack Ward, or any other boy to whom the name of Captain Kidd was a household word, know about the real adventures of the rascal?

Practically nothing.

In spite of that fact, when David Dabney asked Jack if he had heard about Captain Kidd, the very mention of that rover's name quickened the blood in his veins.

"Yes," replied Jack, "I should think I have heard of him."

"You have heard also, I suppose, that he buried almost the whole of the plunder in different places?"

"Yes, and with the exception of a quantity that was discovered on Gardiner's Island soon after he was captured, it has always been a mystery where he hid the rest of it."

"He hid the bulk of his treasure in a certain cove on Long Island, and it is there at this moment," replied the mate, in a tone of conviction.

"How do you know?" gasped Jack, thoroughly amazed at this revelation, in which, to say the truth, he took but little stock.

"How do I know?" said the man with a wan smile. "It is a long story, and I have not the strength to tell you. If I was not sure I am about to die, the secret I am going to confide in you—for I like you, boy, and I see no reason why I should not put you in the way of becoming a rich man—would not pass my lips. This paper, when read aright, will guide its possessor to the spot where a million dollars worth of Captain Kidd's treasure lies forgotten in the sands of the shore, undisturbed for two whole centuries."

"My gracious!" cried Jack, impressed by the man's manner, in spite of his incredulity.

He looked at the remarkable document with eyes that almost bulged with curiosity.

At that moment Dick Mellon poked his head in at the door and called to him,

"We're off the bay," he said. "Joe wants to know how close he can shave Anchor Rock."

Jack went outside and took the helm himself.

He put the yacht through the passage between Anchor Rock and the Neck, thus saving something over half a mile.

To one familiar with the depth of water and other navigable points of the narrow channel it was a simple thing to carry the sailboat safely through.

Joe Tuttle, however, was afraid to try it, and that's why he wanted his chum to take the responsibility off his shoulders.

"Well, how's the shipwrecked mariner?" asked Dick, with a slight grin.

"Pretty feeble," replied the young sailing-master, with his eye on a certain landmark ahead.

"Do you think he'll pull through?" asked Joe.

"If I was a doctor I might be able to answer your question," answered Jack. "Not being one it is impossible for

me to say. He looks bad, though much brighter than when we rescued him from the boat. At any rate I feel sure he'll last long enough for us to get him ashore, and that's what chiefly concerns me now."

"What has he to say about himself?" inquired Smiley. "We heard him talking to you."

"He told me that he was second mate of the brig Anthony Wayne, which foundered in a gale somewhere near the Bahama Islands.

"You don't say," said Mellon, in some surprise. "And has he floated in that little boat all the way from that latitude to the Sound?"

"It seems that he has. He says he had two companions with him most of the time, but has no recollection of how he came to lose them."

"Went mad maybe for lack of water and jumped overboard," replied Dick. "I've read about such things more than once."

"Maybe so. It doesn't look likely that they were rescued and he allowed to stay adrift."

"I should say not. That would be the limit."

"I shall report them as lost," said Jack. "One was a sailor and the other the carpenter of the brig."

"You'd better get their names if he hasn't already told you," said Tuttle.

"I've got them written down in my note book."

"How about the captain and the rest of the crew?" asked Mellon.

"He didn't say anything about them. I took it for granted that they escaped in the other boats. They may already have been rescued, and have reported the loss of the brig."

"That's right," nodded Tuttle.

"Did this man say where he lives when on shore?"

"No. I don't believe he has any home or relatives. If he had he would have told me something about them, I should think."

"What are you going to do with him when we reach the wharf?"

"Send for a doctor to look at him for the first thing."

"And after that?"

"I don't know just now what can be done with him. I suppose Waddie won't object to his remaining aboard the yacht until he'll be in shape to be removed."

"He's likely to put up a kick," said Mellon, with a wag of his head. "He won't want the cabin of his boat turned into a hospital for strangers."

"It's merely a question of common humanity," replied Jack, with a trace of indignation in his voice.

"That's all right; but you know what a little crank Waddie is," retorted Dick.

"If he objects I shall appeal to his father."

"Then Waddie would be down on you like a thousand of bricks," grinned Mellon.

"I can't help that. Right is right."

"Well you can get out of it by putting it up to the doctor," said Tuttle. "If he said it was dangerous to remove

the man for a day or two it would take the responsibility off you."

"Take the tiller, Joe. You want to make a short leg over toward Groton's and a long leg down to Maple cove. Then shape your course due east by the compass till you're off the harbor, when a short tack will carry you in. After that it's plain sailing up to the wharf."

"All right," replied Tuttle, confidently. "I can manage it without any trouble. Going into the cabin again, are you?"

"Yes," replied Jack.

He found their passenger in the same position he had left him, with the paper in his hand.

His eyes were closed and he was breathing as if asleep.

It was only a cat-nap, however, for Dabney opened his eyes when Jack approached the locker on which he lay.

"Feel any better, sir?" asked the young sailing-master.

"A little," the mate answered wearily. "Will you give me another drink?"

"Sure I will. As much as you want. Can't you manage another cracker?"

After taking a quarter of a glass of the sherry, the man tried to swallow some of the wine soaked cracker, but the effort was not very successful.

"What you want is some warm broth I should think," said Jack.

"I'm past wanting anything," answered the mate.

"That's all nonsense," replied the boy. "You mustn't give up so easily as all that. People worse than you have pulled through and got well."

"I'll never get well."

"Oh, say, don't talk like that. Cheer up," remonstrated Jack.

"You mean well, my lad, and I wish I could look at it in the same light; but remember you're strong and hearty, while I—my insides have all given away from lack of nourishment. The wine you have been giving me only just keeps me up. It can do me no permanent benefit."

"If it keeps you up till the doctor sees you I'll be satisfied," replied Jack. "He'll know how to deal with your case."

Dabney made no reply.

Apparently he had little faith that any doctor would be able to help him.

Jack offered him another drink of sherry and he took it.

"You were telling me that paper contains a clue to Captain Kidd's treasure," said the boy, who had not forgotten the mate's remarkable statement. "How did it come into your possession?"

"It is an accurate translation of the original paper, which was written in Portuguese by one of the crew of the San Antonio, the vessel in which Captain Kidd brought the treasure to Long Island waters. The man left the paper to a priest on his deathbed. The priest apparently placed no faith in the document, or was unable to make use of the secret. He must have attached some value to it as a curiosity, for it was kept in the museum of the convent at Seta-

bal, Portugal, for more than 150 years, and may be there still. This copy was made by the mate of an American bark who had occasion to visit the convent, and while inspecting the museum saw the original and obtained permission to make this translation for his own use. He was mortally wounded in a fight in a Rio wine shop. I stood by him in his last moments, and he gave me the paper and an account of how it came into his possession, together with the history of the original as he heard it from the lips of the monk who had charge of the convent treasures."

"And you really think there is something in that document?"

"I do. Only a small proportion of the booty amassed by Captain Kidd has ever been satisfactorily accounted for. This was the £14,000 in money, besides a quantity of valuable goods, recovered by the Earl of Bellamont, the English Governor at that time, of New York. That was an absurdly small amount of treasure when it is known that Kidd plundered a score or more of rich Spanish galleons, whose combined wealth in coin and ingots must have amounted to millions, without considering their other articles of value. Kidd hung around Long Island Sound many weeks in the San Antonio before he finally landed in Boston and was arrested. He had ample opportunity to dispose of his treasure at his leisure, and there is no doubt in my mind but he did so. This paper bears all the earmarks of truth to my eye. It was my intention after the Anthony Wayne arrived at New York to go to the spot indicated by this paper and by following the directions, make a careful search for the treasure. Heaven has willed otherwise. The treasure is not for me. Sooner than that the secret go to waste I have decided to turn it over to you, my lad, for you have been very kind to me since you found me drifting aimlessly about on the Sound. I have no kith or kin in this world. I am utterly alone. To you, then, I confide this secret. You shall be my heir—the heir to a million."

## CHAPTER V.

### CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

Heir to a million!

Jack Ward caught his breath as those words struck upon his ear.

They were the very words used by Professor Gregory when he had finished reading over his horoscope.

The coincidence was nothing less than remarkable.

Was he really going to obtain a million through this poor half-dead sailor—David Dabney, the second mate of the lost Anthony Wayne?

It didn't seem possible, and yet—the professor had said with an air of conviction that he would come into possession of a million before the year was out, and now the instrument that was to realize that prophecy seemed to be within his grasp.

It was truly wonderful, and the boy was almost stunned by the combination of circumstances.

"You say that paper shows where the Kidd treasure lies buried?" said Jack, with great eagerness.

"It does," replied Dabney.

"And it is written in English?"

"It is."

"Then I ought to be able to understand it, I suppose."

"Perhaps not."

"Why not?"

"Well, try and see if you can," was the answer, as Dabney feebly offered him the paper.

Jack took it eagerly and cast his bright eyes over the writing.

This is what he saw:

First there was a rude drawing of a cap, then a four-footed animal that looked something like a goat by reason of a short beard that projected from its chin, then what seemed to be a pile of money.

Then in writing: "Cove Long I abt. 3 M, S by W Gardiners I

At high T 18 P from S in L with Coffin lid

Spyglass bearing S S W. Dig 6 F. skull 2 F."

That was all, and to say the truth it was not very clear to Jack.

"What do those pictures stand for?" he asked.

"That ought to be easy for a bright boy like you," replied the mate. "The first is a cap, the second is supposed to be a young goat, or kid, and the third a pile of money.

"Captain Kidd's money," cried Jack eagerly.

"That's what it means."

Jack studied over the first lines of writing for a few moments, then said:

"It reads this way I guess—'Cove, Long Island, about three miles south by west Gardiners Island.'"

"That's right. Try the next."

"'At high T,' that means tide doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"'At high tide 18 P'—what does P mean?"

"Paces."

"'At high tide 18 paces from S' I'm stuck again. No, I'm not," he spoke up again quickly. "S means shore, don't you think?"

"So I take it, and it's a natural conclusion."

"'In L with Coffin lid.' What do you make that out to be?"

"In line with a rock or some natural formation that resembles the lid of an old fashioned coffin," replied Dabney. "That's the way I figured it out."

"'Spyglass bearing south, south-west. Dig six feet. Skull two feet.'" Not very clear after all. What does it mean by 'Spyglass bearing south, south-west?'"

"Probably some natural object that looks like a spyglass, and which points in that direction when you stand in line with the coffin lid."

"'Dig six feet' is plain enough, but what does 'Skull two feet' mean?"

"I have thought it out to mean that after you dig six feet you will find a skull, and two feet below that the treasure."

"But why the skull?"

"To indicate that the digger is on the right track probably."

Jack was going to ask some more questions, but he saw that the man was too exhausted to answer them.

In fact he had already displayed marvelous vitality with only the wine as a stimulant.

Few men in his condition would have been able to carry on any conversation at all, much less the lengthy one he had gone through with.

It was due probably to his eagerness to put Jack in the way of finding the alleged treasure.

Jack gave him another good drink of the sherry, which was the finest medicinal brand in the market, and provided by Squire Wilcox only for emergencies similar to the present one.

While Dabney lay back on the locker with closed eyes, Jack proceeded to study out the meaning of the paper in detail.

The following is what he arrived at:

That the treasure in question was buried in a certain cove at the eastern end of Long Island about three miles south by west from Gardiners Island.

That the searcher must go down to the water line at the high tide mark and, having placed himself in line with the edge of a certain rock whose flat face resembled the lid of the style of coffin known at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and making sure that a certain other rock or natural formation that looked something like a spyglass bore south south-west by compass, he must measure off 18 paces from the water line when he should come to the spot where he should dig for the treasure.

"It looks easy on paper now, but oh my, what a job it will be to locate exactly that spot where one must dig six feet to find the skull. Supposing all this is really true it doesn't follow that after the lapse of two hundred years that the coffin lid rock, or the spyglass rock, are still standing to point the way to the treasure. If it wasn't for the astonishing coincidence between this matter and Professor Gregory's prophecy that I should come into a million this year, I'd consider my chances of ever finding Captain Kidd's treasure trove very small indeed. But somehow or another I feel it in my bones that I'm up against the chance of my life. At any rate I mean to try and verify this document. If I actually find the coffin lid rock and the spyglass curiosity on the ground I shall make a pretty tall effort to unearth that skull. If I find the skull the other two feet will be mighty interesting digging."

Jack put the paper very carefully away into an inner pocket of his jacket, and after a glance at Dabney, who seemed to be sleeping, he rejoined his companions in the cockpit.

It was now half-past seven, the sun had set some little time and the shadows of coming night were beginning to settle upon the landscape.

The yacht was well up the harbor and would be at her anchorage in a very short time.

"How is the mate of the Anthony Wayne now?" asked Dick.

"Sleeping, I guess."

"You've been a regular good Samaritan to him, haven't you?"

"I haven't done more than I ought to do," replied Jack.

"Well, you've lost half the fun of our cruise."

"I'm not kicking."

"I never thought you was such a good-hearted fellow, Jack," went on Mellon. "You ought to have a medal. I know I couldn't have stayed down in that cabin feeding the chap on wine and what not to keep life in him, all by my lonesomeness, while the rest of the chaps were out here enjoying themselves."

"I guess you could if you thought it was necessary. To try and save a human life is worth an effort, don't you think?"

"Yes, it is, if you put it that way," replied Dick.

"Then don't say you wouldn't have done what I did if it was up to you."

"Oh, I wouldn't let any man die for the want of doing something for him, of course," replied Dick. "Only in this case I should have called on all hands to take turn and turn about. I would only have been fair. If you'd called on me to help you I should have stood my spell with the rest."

"I am sure you would, Dick. Well, what have you fellows been talking about while I was in the cabin?"

"A whole lot of things. That game of baseball for one thing, that we're going to play with the village galoots next Saturday. I've got a whole dollar to bet that we make 'em look like thirty cents."

"Those village galoots, as you call them, put up a pretty stiff game, let me tell you. You know they beat the Greenport team last Saturday by a close score, and the Greenporters are not such easy marks either."

"That's right, they aren't," chipped in Smiley. "I saw them play last spring against a Brooklyn nine, and they made the visitors eat dirt."

"I think with Jack in the box we could give them all that's coming to them," grinned Dick, who was the shortstop of the Northcliffe Academy nine.

"I'm not so sure we could," returned Jack, quietly. "They've got a good battery themselves, and several slug-gers who know how to nail the ball on the trademark in a way to make a pitcher feel sick."

"Oh, I don't know," persisted Dick. "I understand that when the term opens up, and our full team will be on hand, that we're to have a try at them."

"That's true. A game has been arranged for September 15," replied Jack.

"Here in Northcliffe?"

"Yes."

"That's fine. It's funny we didn't hear about it before. You're mighty close mouthed, Jack."

"I only learned about it myself last night. Now I'll take the tiller, Joe, and bring the yacht up to her moorings. You'd better take the boat, Joe, and go and get Doctor Gale. The rest of us will stay aboard until you come back."

In a few minutes the Will o' the Wisp came to anchor, and while Dick and Sam were stowing the mainsail and jib, Tuttle started upon his mission.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Jack went into the cabin and lighted the swinging lamp. Then he looked to see how Dabney was.

The mate was lying as passive as ever, but his eyes followed the boy around the cabin.

Jack gave him another dose of the sherry.

"We've reached our moorings," he said, "and I've sent for the nearest doctor."

This bit of information did not appear to interest Dabney much.

He motioned with his finger for the boy to bend down.

"Take good care of that paper," he whispered. "It ought to make you rich."

"I'll not lose it you may depend," replied Dick.

"One thing more, my lad. Beware of Dacres and Sherlock. They've been on the track of this secret some time and tried to wrest it from me. I foiled them at the last moment by substituting a bogus paper for the genuine one in the lining of my jacket, which I felt sure they intended to search at the first chance."

"Do you mean the two men who were in the boat with you?" asked Jack.

"Yes,"

"Why, I thought they were lost overboard."

"No; I am satisfied they managed to escape somehow and left me to my fate."

"How could they have done that without your knowing of it?"

"I cannot tell you, my lad; but that they did it I feel certain. Look out for them. They are a desperate and dangerous pair of rascals, and would stop at nothing to accomplish their purpose."

"What do they look like?"

"The carpenter is tall and thin. Dacres is short and chunky."

"And they're after the treasure, too, you say?" said Jack, not relishing the prospect of a run-in with two such hard characters as Dabney represented Sherlock and Dacres to be.

"They are."

"What do they know about it?"

"They know a good deal about it; but they cannot locate it without the information contained in that paper I gave you."

"Then they have a general idea where the treasure is supposed to be buried?"

"They have."

"If they escaped from that boat, leaving you to perish, there is a chance that I may meet them?"

"I fear so."

"They will never suspect I have the paper. Why should they?"

"If they should catch you at the cove they will be sure to watch your movements, so you must be very careful when you begin your investigations."

"I'll keep a sharp lookout for those rascals," nodded Jack, more than ever satisfied that there was good ground to believe that the Kidd treasure was a real thing.

Dabney had nothing more to say.

In fact, he did not utter another word until Joe Tuttle returned to the yacht with Dr. Gale.

The physician, who had already been informed by Joe of the circumstances of the case and had brought with him certain remedies which his judgment suggested, examined the mate and treated him as well as he could under the circumstances.

"If you think he can stand removal I will have him carried to our house," said Jack. "We have a spare room, and I know my mother will be glad to do what she can for him."

Before the doctor could make a reply, Dabney, with a grateful look at Jack, said:

"It's not worth while. Let me stay here. I feel I have only a few hours to live, and I would rather die on the water than elsewhere."

Dr. Gale nodded, as much as to say that it was best to humor the patient, and then took Jack aside.

"It's better he should remain here, as he hasn't one chance in a hundred of living out the night," he said to the boy. "He is too far gone. You and one of your companions had better stay on board with him until the end comes. I will send a can of nourishing broth by a messenger which you will feed to him as often as he will take it. Give him the stimulants between times. If he should be alive in the morning send me word."

The doctor's statement was something of a shock to Jack, who had hoped Dabney would ultimately recover.

"You are sure there is very little hope for him?" he replied.

"So little that I shall be very much surprised if he outlives the night. He has been a man of great stamina; but no constitution can withstand what he has evidently gone through with. You will notice that he will begin to sink, slowly perhaps, but surely, after midnight; and at the hour when human vitality is at its lowest ebb, probably between two and four, his life will go out like the snuffing of a candle."

"It is too bad," responded the young sailing-master.

The doctor looked at the mate once more, felt his pulse

again, and then took his departure, promising to send the liquid nourishment within half an hour.

"I will have one of the boys waiting at the wharf in the boat," said Jack, as the doctor stepped into the boat.

The doctor nodded, and then Tuttle rowed him ashore.

When Joe came back to the yacht, Jack stated the case to the boys and asked which one of them would remain with him during the night.

He evidently expected Joe to volunteer, and was not disappointed.

Dick and Sam were well pleased that he did, for the job did not appeal much to them.

"I'm much obliged to you, Joe," said Jack.

"Don't mention it," answered Tuttle, heartily.

"If you chaps are going to stay aboard all night," said Dick, "how are you going to manage about your supper?"

"I was going to ask you to go to my house before you went home and tell my mother the reason why I won't be home, asking her to send someone down to the wharf with a little lunch for me," said Jack. "You, Sam, can do the same service for Joe, as his home is right on your way."

"We'll do it," replied both boys in a breath.

"Do you want me to call on Waddie and tell him about the matter?" asked Dick.

"I wouldn't bother him to-night. Time enough in the morning to tell him."

"All right," answered Dick.

"You might as well row Sam and Dick to the wharf now, Joe," said Jack. "And remain there till the doctor's messenger comes with the man's nourishment."

Joe was ready to do as he was told, and he soon landed their two companions on the dock.

Jack passed the next thirty minutes between the cabin and the cockpit, at the end of which time Joe reappeared with a can of broth for the mate.

It was now dark and Joe, while Jack was in the cabin ministering to the dying man, lit the yacht's red lantern and hoisted it to the top of her mast.

Tuttle having nothing else to do rowed to the wharf to wait for their expected lunches.

His own was brought by his younger brother, while Jack's came a few minutes later—the messenger being Mrs. Ward's next door neighbor's son, as it was too dark and lonesome a trip for Daisy, her daughter, to make at that hour.

The two boys ate their suppers out in the cockpit under the stars, and rather enjoyed the novelty of the *al fresco* meal, though the circumstances which had given rise to it kept their conversation and spirits rather subdued.

David Dabney took his sustenance and the tonic between times as meekly as a little child, and spent the balance of the time dozing, for he appeared to have no further inclination to talk.

Jack said nothing to Joe about the paper which made him heir to a possible million or something less, as he wanted to consider the whole thing carefully at his leisure, and make his plans looking toward its verification.

Even while conversing with his chum on different subjects he couldn't avoid letting his thoughts dwell on the matter, and Joe remarked once or twice upon his abstracted manner.

Jack had many a time heard about the efforts, in years gone by, of residents of Long Island, as well as entire strangers, to ferret out the hiding place of a part of Captain Kidd's gold.

Hundreds of spots had been visited and dug over in this doubtful search, but in no instance was it definitely shown that any treasure had ever been recovered.

In the end it came to be generally regarded as a fact that the money and goods found by the agents of the Earl of Bellamont in 1699, after Captain Kidd's arrest in Boston, was the sum total of all the treasure which the rover had in reality buried on the shore of Long Island.

Many have been the stories written about this phantom booty, in which Old Nick himself always seemed to play an important part as the guardian of it.

Washington Irving was one of the most fascinating of all narrators on the subject, and Jack had read his "Money Diggers" with a great deal of interest.

These tales now recurred to his mind, and he began to wonder if, after all, he was the one lucky person destined by fate to find and put into circulation for his own advantage the treasure accumulated by the famous Kidd.

It seemed almost too preposterous for consideration, and yet did not he hold at that very moment a document which pointed to that very result?

Had not Professor Gregory's prophecy that he was heir to a million, which was to come to him that year, been singularly verified in part by David Dabney's gift?

Was he indeed the boy who was born lucky?

Jack attended faithfully to the mate as the hours went by.

About eleven Joe grew so sleepy that his chum advised him to turn in on the other locker and go to sleep.

"If I should want you I can call you. There isn't any reason why you should remain awake," said Jack.

So Tuttle lay down on the locker opposite the dying sailor, and soon his deep breathing showed that he was asleep.

It was now a lonesome and rather solemn vigil Jack had, but he found no fault with the part he had taken upon himself to perform.

He owed something to this man.

Whether or not he ever realized anything out of the paper the mate had given him, certain it is Dabney thoroughly believed in its value, and in bestowing it on Jack he believed in his own mind he was putting the boy in the way of a valuable heritage.

Therefore Jack accepted the will for the deed, let the outcome be what it might.

Just as the doctor had said, David Dabney gave signs of increasing weakness after the hour of midnight had passed.

He refused all further nourishment, and would only take the tonic.

"Why bother with me further, lad?" he whispered about

one o'clock. "I feel I am going. If I live an hour or two longer it will be the most I can pull through. It is a waste of effort to try and hold me back from what is inevitable. I shall go out with the tide. Aye, aye; I shall go out with the tide."

Jack knew the tide was falling in the harbor, and it struck him that David Dabney had unconsciously indicated the hour of his death.

Those were the dying man's last audible words, for after pressing the boy's hand feebly, he relapsed into a stupor from which he never rallied.

At half-past three the tide was at its lowest ebb, and it was then that the fluttering soul of David Dabney, second mate of the ill-fated Anthony Wayne, passed away to meet his Maker.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE LAST OF DAVID DABNEY.

The first thing in the morning Jack Ward notified the Northcliffe authorities of the death of David Dabney, second mate of the brig Anthony Wayne which had gone down in a gale off the Bahamas.

He told the story of picking the man up in the Sound on the afternoon previous while he with his three companions were on a short pleasure cruise in Waddie Wilcox's sloop yacht Will o' the Wisp.

They had brought the stranger into Northcliffe harbor and had sent for a doctor to attend him.

Dr. Gale had responded, but found Dabney at death's door.

He had died at the ebb of the tide, just as the doctor said he would.

It was up to the village to see that this poor derelict of the sea was decently buried.

Jack Ward took upon himself the duty of chief mourner, and he also persuaded his three companions to act as a guard of honor to the pine coffin which contained all that was mortal of the second mate.

Jack, after the body had been lowered into its last home, read a short prayer out of an old-fashioned book that belonged to his mother.

The clods were then thrown in upon the cheap coffin, and the four boys left the cemetery and the sexton and his assistants to finish the job.

This event took place on Saturday morning.

That afternoon all the village and the majority of the summer visitors expected to be present at a base ball game on the Northcliffe Oval between the Academy nine and the Northcliffe team.

The Academy boys could only present a patched-up team, as half their regular players were enjoying their vacation elsewhere, and their places had been filled by the best talent the summer colony afforded, but they expected to win just the same.

Jack Ward was the twirler on whom they relied, and he was a cracker-jack you may well believe.

He had the spit-ball down fine, and a fade-away drop that gave opposing batsmen a crick in the spine every time they reached for it.

Pitcher Jack was expected to make up for the team's shortcomings in other directions, and Joe Tuttle, his backstop, confidently assured all listeners that what his side partner wouldn't do to the Northcliffe team wasn't worth mentioning.

There was a small grandstand at the head of the oval, and this was reserved almost exclusively for the ladies.

Squire Wilcox, however, had preempted the solitary private box for himself and his family, and as he was the most important personage in that locality, no one felt that there was any reason for a kick.

Probably the reason why the squire had announced that he would honor the game with his presence was because Waddie, his son, was down on the score card as right field, and the great man expected Waddie would cover himself with glory.

Some people, who thought Waddie put on altogether too many airs for a small youth, were mean enough to hint that about the only thing that Waddie would cover himself with that afternoon was dust.

Nannie Wilcox had also given out that she wouldn't miss the game for—all the ice cream in the village.

Whether it was the attraction of her brother's debut as an Academy fielder, or because handsome Jack Ward, the sailing-master of the Will o' the Wisp, was to be in the pitcher's box, is something the reader must judge for himself.

At any rate Jack was ticked to death when he heard she was going to be "among those present," and he forthwith resolved to do himself proud.

On the way home from the cemetery after assisting at the burying of David Dabney, Jack stopped at the postoffice to get the family mail.

The Wards subscribed to a New York daily and that, if nothing else, was always in their box soon after the arrival of the first morning train.

This time, in addition to the paper, there was a letter for his mother.

While waiting for the dinner to be put on the table, Jack opened the newspaper and interested himself in its contents.

Among other things he noticed, with much interest, that some enterprising newspaper man, probably the editor of the Northcliffe Clarion, had sent to the New York paper an account of the rescue in the Sound of David Dabney, second mate, etc., who had subsequently died on board of the Will o' the Wisp, and was to be buried at the expense of the county.

The writer gave due credit to Jack Ward, the young sailing-master of the yacht, and a resident of many years of Northcliffe, intimating that he had attended the dying mariner up to the last.

The loss of the Anthony Wayne, the paper said, had already been reported a few days before by her captain and a remnant of the crew, who had arrived at Baltimore on the three-masted schooner Antietam, which picked them up at sea on the morning of such a date.

All were thus accounted for except carpenter Sherlock and foremast-hand Dacres, and as they had been in the boat with Dabney, the inference was that they were lost.

"I wonder if they were lost?" mused Jack. "Or did they manage to get taken off in the night by some passing vessel, leaving Dabney to his fate? If they did their arrival in one of our ports had not been announced. Maybe some vessel bound to foreign parts rescued them, and it may then be many weeks before they will show up on this side of the Atlantic. Their fate does not interest me except so far as it is mixed up with this treasure matter. I certainly don't care to see them butting into what I now consider no one's business but my own."

Jack cut the article out of the newspaper and filed it away for future reference.

By that time dinner was on the table and Jack sat down with a good appetite to partake of it.

"I'm going to see the game this afternoon, Jack" said his sister. "Do you expect to win?"

"Sure thing, Daisy. Why not?"

"I guess there'll be a big crowd on the Oval."

"Bet your life there will."

"I suppose Nannie Wilcox will be there," she said with a sly look at her brother.

"Sure she will. Her brother is going to play on our team."

"Is that the reason she's going?" roguishly.

"That's one of the reasons, I guess."

"Is that the chief reason?"

"How should I know?"

"I imagined she was going to see you pitch."

"What makes you think that?" asked Jack, flushing up.

"A girl is generally more interested in somebody else's brother than her own."

"Are you, sis?" asked Jack quickly, and with a grim chuckle.

"Of course not," replied Daisy, in some confusion.

"Honor bright now, Daisy; isn't it because Harry Case is on our team that you are going to see the game?"

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, blushing rosily.

"What red cheeks we have," laughed Jack, mischievously.

"Mother, will you make Jack stop teasing me," cried Daisy Ward.

Mrs. Ward smiled indulgently, but didn't say anything.

"I'll be real angry with you, Jack, if you say another word," said his sister.

"All right, I'll be mum."

He winked so significantly at her that she threw a napkin at his head.

"If I told all I think about somebody and Nannie Wilcox you'd have a red face too, so there!" cried Daisy, triumphantly.

"Ho!" exclaimed Jack, "don't you believe it."

"But I do believe it. I can always tell when you expect to meet Miss Wilcox on the yacht."

"How can you?" asked Jack, looking at her sharply.

"I know."

"Then why don't you say what you know?"

"You're always extra particular about your uniform. And you wear your Sunday tie."

"Is that so, little smartie?"

"Yes, it's so. And you put essence of Jockey Club on your handkerchief."

"It seems to me you keep a sharp eye on my movements," grinned her brother.

"Anybody can see all that, it's so plain to be observed," laughed Daisy.

"You make me extremely weary, sis. By the way, I'm glad that you reminded me about my Jockey Club, I must hide it away, for ever since Harry Case has got into the habit of calling on you it's been disappearing at an alarming rate."

"What a fib! I've got my own perfume if anybody should ask you."

"That isn't saying but you find mine the better of the two," snickered Jack.

"Mother, did you hear that? He says I take his Jockey Club. Just as if I would do such a thing."

"Oh, I don't care; only please leave the bottle so I can get it filled again," chuckled the boy, rising from his chair.

He went to his room to put on his base ball suit, while Daisy helped her mother clear away and wash the dishes, after which she went to her own room to put on her prettiest gown for the afternoon, and also because she expected to meet Harry Case after the game.

The contest on the Oval that afternoon was like any well played amateur base ball game.

Jack Ward, with the knowledge that the eyes of pretty Nannie Wilcox was upon him, pitched the game of his life, and held his opponents to half a dozen scattered safe hits.

The opposition pitcher was scarcely less successful, so that, as the general play was good, the score was low and close.

It took ten innings to reach a conclusion, and then Jack Ward's home run drive after two had been put out broke up the game in the Academy's favor—the final score standing 3 to 2.

Jack then had the pleasure of accompanying Nannie Wilcox home, and that, with the honors of the game thick upon him, was satisfaction enough for one week.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

Jack slept like a top that night, for he hadn't closed his eyes the previous night at all, and he had worked like a

young Trojan that afternoon to win the game for the Academy team.

Sunday morning was well advanced when he awoke to eat a late breakfast and to find his sister and mother already dressed for the morning services at church.

He attended Sunday School as usual, and after it was over had the pleasure of walking home again with Nannie Wilcox, who looked uncommonly lovely in a new gown and rakish little hat to match.

On his way home he got thinking about the paper given him by David Dabney.

"I wonder where I can get some information about the career of Captain Kidd," he mused. "I should like to get hold of something definite about the treasure he must have accumulated. Seems to me he must have had a great deal more than was recovered by the English governor."

From what source could he get the information he wanted?

While considering his problem he thought of Professor Gregory, with whom he was a great favorite, and he determined to call on him that very afternoon and broach the subject.

He found the professor in his study, surrounded by his books, his curios and his pets—a black dog, a white cat, a parrot and a squirrel.

"Glad to see you, Jack," exclaimed the learned gentleman, "take that armchair and make yourself at home. It's a remarkably mild day for the last of August, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young visitor. "I have called in quest of a little information, professor."

"I shall be very happy to furnish it if I can," was the cheerful response.

"I am not so sure that you will approve of the subject, sir," went on Jack, somewhat doubtfully.

"I can tell better when I hear what it is," replied the professor, blandly.

"That's right," admitted Jack. "Well, don't fall out of your chair when I tell you that I want to learn something of the career of Captain Kidd, the pirate."

"It is not particularly surprising that a lad of your nautical turn of mind should develop a curiosity about that marine freebooter. I will try and satisfy you as far as my knowledge of the redoubtable individual extends. It may surprise you to learn that he was the son of a Scotch minister; but he isn't the only son of a divine who has turned out in the end a great rascal."

"I have heard that remark made before, sir," grinned Jack.

"Very little, I believe, is known of Kidd's life before he came into historical prominence as the official instrument of the British crown for the extirpation of piracy on the high seas. It is said he was selected for this job because he had traded for many years among the pirates, in a little, rakish vessel that could sail into all kinds of waters. He knew all the haunts and lurking places of the rovers, and was always engaged in some kind of a mysterious voyage."

"He was a dandy individual to send out pirate hunting," chuckled Jack.

"King William of Orange, who sat upon the English throne at that time, and who gave him his commission, probably acted upon the good old maxim of 'setting a rogue to catch a rogue.'"

"The maxim doesn't appear to have worked very well in Kidd's case," grinned Jack.

"It seems not. When Kidd sailed from Plymouth, England, in the spring of 1696, or it may have been 1695, I am not sure which, in an armed vessel called the *Adventure*, he carried with him two commissions from the king—one authorized him to suppress pirates; the other constituted him a privateer, for it was a remarkable year in those times when England was not at war with either France or Spain, or with both at the same time, for that matter. The rich Spanish galleons from Mexico and South America offered a tempting bait for British maritime enterprise. In those times it was but a slight step from the privateersman to the pirate; both fought for the love of plunder; only that the latter might be considered the bravest, as he dared both the enemy and the gallows."

"I always understood that a privateer was sent out as much from patriotic motives as for the purpose of raking in prize-money," said Jack.

"I guess profit and patriotism mingled in about equal proportions in a privateer's breast when the business was at its most respectable height, but in Captan Kidd's day it was little better than licensed piracy."

"How did the pirates manage to dispose of their plunder?" asked Jack. "Unless they could get rid of it what good was it to them? I've heard a lot about them burying the money and valuable trinkets, but I've never heard much about them spending their profits."

"Your question practically leads up to the reason why the English government hired Captain Kidd to drive the buccaneers out of business. The easy access to the harbor of New York, the number of hiding places about its waters, and the laxity of its scarcely-organized government, made the town a great rendezvous of the pirates, where they might dispose of their ill-gotten gains, and arrange new depredations.

As they brought to New York wealthy cargoes of all kinds—the luxuries of the tropics, and the sumptuous spoils of the Spanish provinces—and disposed of them at half or quarter price to the wary merchant, they were welcome visitors to the thrifty traders of the town. To the inhabitants at large, however, they proved themselves a great nuisance, for it was their practice to squander their money in taverns, drinking, gambling, singing, swearing, shouting and disturbing the neighborhood with midnight brawl and ruffianly revelry. These excesses rose to such height as to become a scandal to the provinces, and to call loudly for the interposition of government. Measures were accordingly taken to put a stop to the widely-extended evil, and among the agents employed to execute this purpose was the notorious Captain Kidd."

"Then when Captain Kidd left England for the American provinces he was an authorized agent of the English government?" remarked Jack.

"He was. He arrived with his ship at New York on the fourth of July. As he brought with him a French merchantman he had captured on the way, he met with a warm reception from the Colonial authorities. On the sixth of September of the same year," continued the professor, after taking a volume from one of his book shelves and consulting it, "he sailed from New York in the *Adventure* with a crew of 156 men. It would appear from the account of his life which I have here that while in New York he shipped his crew on new terms and enlisted a number of his old comrades—lads of the knife and pistol, which would go to show that he had already determined to branch out for himself as soon as he got into blue water once more."

"He must have had an awful nerve," said Jack.

"The maritime freelances of that time suffered from no lack of nerve you may well believe, else they had stayed ashore. From captain down to cook they were a reckless, swaggering set, as the drawings of those days show. We have only a very slight account of what Captain Kidd was doing between the day he left New York and the first of July, 1699, when he landed in Boston. It seems to be generally understood, however, that instead of cruising against pirates, according to the terms of his commission, he turned pirate himself; steered to the Madeiras, to Bonavista, and Madagascar, and cruised about the entrance to the Red Sea. Here, among other maritime robberies, he captured a rich Quedah merchantman, manned by Moors, though commanded by an Englishman. After scouring the seas pretty thoroughly, and changing from ship to ship, Kidd had the hardihood to return to Boston, laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering companions at his heels."

"You say his vessel was laden with booty. Is that really a fact?" asked Jack eagerly, for that was the keynote of his visit to the professor's sanctum.

"It says so in this book, and is quite a natural supposition after three years of maritime depredation. He certainly ought to have had something handsome to show after all his plunderings."

"I should think so; yet I heard that only a little more than £14,000 in money was recovered after his capture."

"That seems to be true; and it always has been a great mystery what the bold captain did with his plunder, unless he buried it, as common report has it, which is quite probable. When Captain Kidd turned up at Boston he found times were changed. Buccaneers could no longer show a whisker in the colonies with impunity. The new governor, Lord Bellamont, had signalled himself by his zeal in extirpating these offenders; and was doubly exasperated against Kidd, having been instrumental in appointing him to the trust he had betrayed. No sooner did the captain show himself in Boston than measures were taken to arrest him. The daring character which Kidd had acquired, however, and the desperate fellows who followed like bulldogs at his heels, caused a little delay in his arrest. It is probable, in

view of the small amount of his plunder afterward found, that he took advantage of this to hide the greater part of his treasures in some safe spot."

As the professor uttered these words Jack's eyes fairly glistened with excitement, and his blood quickened in his veins.

"He was finally arrested and thrown into prison," continued Professor Gregory, "together with a number of his followers. Such was the formidable character of this pirate and his crew that it was thought advisable to despatch a frigate to bring them to England. Great exertions were made to screen him from justice, but in vain; he and his comrades were tried, condemned and hanged at Execution Dock, in London. Kidd died hard, for the rope with which he was first tied up broke with his weight, and he tumbled to the ground. He was tied up a second time and more effectually; hence came the story of Captain Kidd having a charmed life, and that he had been twice hanged."

"You never heard, did you, that any large amount of Kidd's treasure, other than what was recovered at the time by the Earl of Bellamont, was ever found?" inquired Jack, anxiously.

"Never. Had such been the case it certainly would have become known. The report of his having buried great treasures of gold and jewels before his arrest set the brains of the good people along the coast from New York to Boston in a ferment. For a long time there were rumors on rumors of big sums of money found here and there—sometimes on Long Island, sometimes along the shores of Connecticut and Cape Cod Bay—but I fancy they had no foundation in fact. If Captain Kidd really did bury the bulk of his spoils in some solitary, unsettled place, it is there still."

"You really think so, professor?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And some day it will be unexpectedly recovered."

The professor shrugged his shoulders as if he thought the chance of such a thing was very remote indeed.

Jack saw that he had obtained all the information about the notorious Captain Kidd that Professor Gregory could give him, and soon afterward he got up, thanked the learned gentleman for his kindness, and took his leave.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE UNEXPECTED THAT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

When Jack returned home to tea his mind was full of Captain Kidd and buried treasure.

In fact, he could think of nothing else, and both his mother and sister remarked the strangeness of demeanor.

"What's the matter with you, Jack?" asked Daisy. "You have hardly spoken a word since you came back from Professor Gregory's house. Has he been giving you a lecture that you are so serious?"

"Oh, no. He never lectures me," replied the boy.

"You're one of the lucky few. I've heard some of the boys call the professor an old crank."

"They don't know what they are talking about."

"That's what I thought, for I've always found Professor Gregory to be a perfect gentleman."

"That's what he is," replied Jack, rising from the table and going to his room.

Our hero had quite a little library of his own, and among his most treasured books was a set of Washington Irving's works.

After lighting his student lamp he went to his bookshelves and took down "Tales of a Traveler."

In the back part of this book was a short series of stories under the general title of "The Money-Diggers."

It was prefaced by some remarks about "Kidd the Pirate," and Jack was soon deeply interested in the said introduction.

Practically it was a repetition of a part of what the boy had learned from Professor Gregory that afternoon.

After a brief outline of Kidd's history from Irving's point of view, the author went on to speak about the booty that rascal was supposed to have collected throughout his three years' course of crime.

"Some reported the treasure to have been buried in solitary, unsettled places, about Plymouth and Cape Cod; but by degrees various other parts, not only on the eastern coast, but along the shores of the Sound, and even of Manhattan and Long Island, were gilded by these rumors. In fact, the ridiculous measures of Lord Bellamont spread sudden consternation among the buccaneers in every part of the provinces; they secreted their money and jewels in lonely out-of-the-way places, about the wild shores of the rivers and seacoast, and dispersed themselves over the face of the country. The hand of justice prevented many of these from ever returning to regain their buried treasures, which remained, and remain probably to this day, objects of enterprise for the money-digger."

Jack after reading that paragraph closed the book and brought forth the mysterious paper which had come to him in such a strange way.

He studied it carefully to see if he could distinguish any of the earmarks of a hoax in it, but he could not.

The longer he pondered over it the more certain he became that the document was intended to convey genuine information.

"Well," he said, refolding it and putting it away at the bottom of a drawer, "I mean to look into this cove which lies three miles south by west of Gardiners. If I find the coffin lid and the spyglass I'll know I'm on the right track."

That night Jack's slumbers were invaded by fantastic dreams.

First he thought he was aboard of the Will o' the Wisp, sailing on the calm, moonlit surface of the Sound, with Nannie Wilcox as his only passenger and companion.

That was a very pleasant dream, indeed.

It wasn't so pleasant, however, when Nannie suddenly

turned into the form of David Dabney, more skeleton-like than ever, and he found the yacht sailing into a little sandy cove that looked as lonesome and barren as a desert island.

The yacht seemed to sail right up on the hard, yellow shore, and then Dabney pointed shoreward with his long, skinny finger and Jack saw a coffin-shaped rock which slowly swung around until its narrow end was in a line with his eye.

A short distance to the right he perceived another singular looking rock that rose out of a dense mass of brush and wild vegetation.

A long, attenuated, ribbed arm of stone shot out from it, pointing across its landscape, and it looked for all the world like a gigantic telescope.

As Dabney nodded at those landmarks he seemed to melt away gradually until Jack found himself alone, no longer on the yacht but beside a gaping hole in the upper part of the beach.

All at once he was conscious that he was not alone.

Seated on a stone hard by was a medium sized man dressed in the old style of a gentleman's costume, somewhat modified by sailor's patterns.

A great cocked-hat covered his head; his full-skirted coat had enormous pocket-flaps and buttons as large as a silver half-dollar; his waistcoat was very long; short trousers, reaching only to the knee, were not confined there, but were full at the ends; and he wore long stockings and low shoes, with large, square, silver buckles.

This old-time mariner wore a cheerful grin on his smoothly shaven face, which showed the impress of both time and constant exposure to the elements.

Somehow or another Jack seemed to understand that he was gazing upon the redoubtable Captain William Kidd.

Close by were several sailors in the outlandish costume of the end of the Seventeenth century.

They had spades in their hands and were in the act of filling up the hole.

At the edge of the beach was an ungainly-looking boat; and a short distance from the shore was anchored a small fore-and-aft vessel, whose name Jack appeared to realize rather than see was the *San Antonio*.

A black flag flapped from her jibboom, bearing a horrid picture of a skull and crossbones in ghastly white.

It all looked very real to Jack—as real as anything he had ever seen in his life.

Suddenly the scene underwent a perceptible change, though the locality still was the same.

Captain Kidd, the hole, his crew, the boat, and the distant vessel, with its piratical emblem, all had vanished.

The water and the shore remained the same; the coffin lid and the spyglass seemed less distinct in shape; the vegetation looked different.

As Jack was trying to account for the transformation he saw two men in tattered modern seaman's attire step out from among the bushes and look around them.

One was tall and thin; the other short and square-built.

The dreamer seemed to identify them at once, though he had never seen them before.

Their names—Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres—formed unspoken on his lips.

They were wicked-looking chaps—each with a sailor's knife in a sheath slung about his waist.

They appeared to be industriously hunting for some signs that baffled them.

And while Jack watched them he awoke and found it had all been a dream.

It was some time before he fell asleep again, for his fancy almost peopled the dark, silent chamber with phantoms of the pirate Kidd and his crew, while he half expected to see Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres start out from behind some piece of furniture.

During the remainder of the night his slumber was dreamless, and when he next awoke the morning sun was shining brightly in at his chamber windows.

His sister pounded on his door to tell him that breakfast was ready, so he popped out of bed and hurried on his clothes.

Just before he started to go downstairs he glanced out of the window.

The houses were well scattered in that section of Northcliffe, and directly opposite the Ward cottage was quite a vacant plot of ground.

A big oak tree stood on the road line and its spreading branches afforded shelter from both sun and rain.

Jack had taken the liberty to build a seat partly around the tree, and his sister and mother frequently went there to do their sewing on a hot afternoon.

As our hero glanced across the way he saw that the seat was graced by a pair of trampish looking characters.

His eyes had hardly rested on them before they stood up, turned their faces toward him for an instant, and then slowly sauntered away.

A thrill of dismay went through him like a galvanic shock, for these two men, in face, figure and dress, were the exact counterpart of the figures he had seen in his dream and identified as Gabe Sherlock, the carpenter, and Bill Dacres, the foremast hand, of the ill-fated brig *Anthony Wayne*.

## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE TRACK OF THE MILLION.

"Well, I call this hard luck for those rascals to turn up just at the moment when I was going to investigate that treasure for myself," muttered Jack. "I can easily guess what has brought them down this way. They are on a tramp to the eastern end of the island to try and locate that cove for one thing, after which they intend to go on a still hunt for the treasure itself. And they might possibly hit upon the right spot by accident, although they are not so fortu-

nate as I am to possess the real directions that point the way to the trove. I have no time to lose, if I am going to get ahead of them. They've got all of a seventy-mile tramp ahead of them. That'll take them two days to cover. I'll get Joe to go along with me and we'll take a train down to Hicksville this morning, where we can make connection with the south-shore line at Babylon for Sag Harbor. We'll take our wheels along and ride across to the southern shore of Gardiner's Bay. From that point we can begin a search for the cove in the neighborhood of which I expect to find the Coffin Lid and Spyglass rocks. It will be quite a little excursion for us, and will just suit Joe immensely. If Waddie Wilcox wants to go out on his yacht while I'm away he can hire a boatman down at one of the wharves."

Jack went to breakfast full of the idea he had in his mind.

He couldn't help betraying his excitement to a certain extent, and Daisy wondered what scheme he had outlined for the day's enjoyment, for she knew that her brother had a fertile brain for originating plans that generally ensured a good time.

"What's in the wind to-day, Jack?" she asked curiously.

"Nothing that would interest you, Daisy," he replied.

"How do you know it wouldn't?" she retorted in piqued tone.

"I know it wouldn't."

"I think a good brother should give his sister a little of his confidence. Are you going to take Nannie Wilcox somewhere?"

Jack shook his head.

"Perhaps it's a stag party. Some little expedition you and Joe Tuttle, and some of the other boys, are bound on. Am I right?"

"Only partly. The fact of the matter, sis, is that I am going right over to Tuttle's house to try and persuade him to go down to Sag Harbor with me."

"Sag Harbor! My gracious! That's a long distance. When do you expect to get back? I suppose not till after tea."

"I don't expect to return before to-morrow night at the earliest."

"What's taking you down to Sag Harbor?"

"I expect the train will take us there," replied Jack, with a grin.

"Aren't you horrid!" Daisy cried, with a frown and a pout.

"You oughtn't to be so curious, Daisy. Little girls should be seen and not heard."

"The idea! Aren't you complimentary?"

"Well, do you want to go along with us to Sag Harbor?" snickered Jack.

"Certainly not."

"Then what are you kicking about?"

"I'm not making any fuss that I know of. I don't care where you boys go."

"But you're just dying to know what object I have in going down to the eastern end of the island."

"Isn't it natural I should, you good-for-nothing boy?"

"That's right. A girl wouldn't be a real girl if she wasn't blessed with a big bump of curiosity."

"I like that. I suppose you boys are never afflicted that way?"

"Not to the same extent as girls."

"You think yourselves young lords of creation, don't you?"

"Well, aren't we? Man was created first. Woman was an afterthought."

"Afterthought or not, it is a sign man could not get along without us," triumphantly.

"You tell it well, sis. What does Rudyard Kipling call you? 'A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair.' What have you to say to that?"

"I think Mr. Kipling was no gentleman to write such a thing," she responded indignantly. "I'll bet you wouldn't address such a comparison to Nannie Wilcox. You'd just fall all over yourself to reach her side if she whistled for you. Boys are just too conceited for anything."

"Does that apply to me?"

"If the cap fits you are at liberty to put it on," she responded with some dignity.

"How about Harry Case?" grinned Jack.

"There are exceptions to every rule."

"Just consider me one of the exceptions then. Sorry, I've got to leave thee, sis; but time and opportunity wait for no man, or boy either. I suppose you remember my telling you that Professor Gregory when he read my horoscope said I was heir to a million?"

"I remember, and I thought it was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard. I am surprised that Professor Gregory should make such a statement."

"I presume you also recollect that he said I was going to get the million before the year was out?"

"More nonsense!"

"Maybe you'll have cause to change your mind before many moons. The cause of my journey to Sag Harbor is my earnest desire to get on the track of that million. It is not improbable that before I get back I shall know something more about that million than I do now. Good morning, sis, and a pleasant day to you."

Jack walked deliberately out of the room, leaving his sister very much mystified over the climax of his remarks.

He went to his room, made all his preparations for the trip he had in mind, then got his wheel and rode to Tuttle's house, where he found his chum in the yard.

"Turned carpenter, have you?" grinned Jack. "What do you call that thing you're putting together?"

"This is a house for my rabbits," replied Joe.

"Nearly done?"

"Yes. Anything on the cards for to-day?"

"I'm going down to Sag Harbor. Will you come?"

"Sag Harbor!" exclaimed Joe in surprise. "What's going on there?"

"Nothing that I'm aware of."

"Then why are you bound down there?"

"Can you keep a secret, Joe?"

"Sure I can."

"Then I'll tell you. I'm on a still hunt after that million Professor Gregory promised me."

"Come off. What are you giving me?"

"I'm not joking," protested Jack, without a smile. "I want you to help me find it. I'll give you one-tenth of the spoils if you stand by me. If they pan out as they ought to you'll find yourself worth \$100,000."

"One would think money was no object to you," grinned Joe.

"A fellow can afford to be liberal when he's heir to a million."

"Are you going to stand the expenses of this trip?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'm with you provided you let me pay half. You don't imagine I'll let you stand for everything, do you?"

"I've invited you, therefore it's my place to pay the damage. I've got the price all right, don't you worry."

"But I want to put up my share," protested Joe.

"Oh, forget it, Joe. Get your wheel and come along."

"Do you mean to pedal down to Sag Harbor?"

"Oh, no; we're going by train."

"Then why ——"

"Our wheels? Well, there's a ten-mile or more jaunt ahead of us after we reach the town."

"All right," said Joe, starting for the house.

"Tell your folks where you're going, and that you may not get back till to-morrow," shouted Jack after him.

In a little while Tuttle reappeared with his bicycle, and the chums started for the station together.

They caught the first train for New York, and rode to Hicksville Junction, where they changed for Babylon, and were so fortunate as to make direct connection with the morning express for Sag Harbor.

They reached the terminus of the line a little before one o'clock, and went to a restaurant for dinner.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A RELIC OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

"Where are we bound now, Jack?" asked Tuttle, as the two boys came out of the restaurant on the principal street of the curious old town of Sag Harbor, which lies at the head of Gardiner's Bay.

Sixty-odd years ago it was a leading whaling station, but its maritime importance has long since ceased, and it would be altogether dead to the world only that summer travel sets in its direction.

"I'll let you know just as soon as I've made a few inquiries," answered his companion.

The restaurant proprietor had directed Jack to a certain store, the owner of which was familiar with the points the

boy wanted to learn, and the lads mounted their wheels and rode there.

The storekeeper looked to be one of the oldest inhabitants.

He was short and square built in stature, sported a tangled white beard with a few hairs of similar color lying lonesome like on the top of his head.

His store wasn't much larger than a good-sized packing box, and his stock in trade was chiefly made up of fishing outfits.

He also sold bait and general information.

Jack invested a quarter and found out all he wanted to know.

That it was about twelve miles to a point on Gardiner's Bay bearing west by south of Gardiner's Island.

That the best way for the boys to reach that point on the shore was by the way of the quaint old village of Easthampton.

"Say," said Joe, when they left the shop, "what do you want to go over to that part of Gardiner's Bay for anyway?"

"To look up that million that's coming to me."

Tuttle looked at his chum quizzically.

"That imaginary million seems to have turned your brain, old fellow," he said. "What do you really expect to find on the bay shore?"

"A treasure worth a million."

"I wish you'd quit kidding me," grumbled Joe.

"I'm not kidding you, Joe," replied Jack, earnestly.

"Then I don't know what you mean by talking such nonsense."

"Just wait till we're out of the town limits and I'll explain the whole thing," replied Jack.

"I wish you would, then maybe I'll be able to see what you're driving at."

Fifteen minutes later they were pedalling along the high road toward Easthampton.

"Now," commenced Jack, "I'm going to tell you a remarkable coincidence in connection with Professor Gregory's assertion, based on my horoscope, that I am heir to a million, and that I am going to come into that million very soon."

"I'd like to hear it," grinned Joe.

"I want you to promise never to breathe a word about what I am going to tell you unless you have my permission to do so."

"I promise," answered Tuttle, his curiosity fully aroused.

"This coincidence is connected with the fate of the late David Dabney whom we rescued on the Sound last week."

"You don't say."

"Strange as it may seem, he possessed a document which pointed out the spot where he confidently believed a million or more dollars' worth of money and other valuables have lain buried in a cove of Gardiner's Bay for two whole centuries."

Whispering whiskers! Is that a fact?" gasped Joe, his eyes bulging like those of a lobster.

"I have that paper in my pocket at this moment, for feeling sure that he was going to die, and consequently that it would be of no use to him, he made me a present of it, or in his own words, made me heir to a million."

"This begins to look interesting," said Tuttle. "Going to let me see that paper?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take you in partnership in this matter to the extent of one-tenth of whatever we may find. Are you satisfied with that division of the possible spoils?"

"Sure I am."

"If it should really turn up a million you would be entitled to \$100,000 worth, don't you see?"

"Hopping bullfrogs! A hundred thousand dollars! That's a mint of money."

"It's enough to start a bank with."

"I should snicker! Let's have the particulars."

Thereupon Jack confided to his chum the story of the clue to Captain Kidd's buried treasure as related to him by David Dabney while the yacht was returning to her anchorage in Northcliffe harbor.

Joe was thoroughly astonished and not a little excited by the narrative.

"Looks as if there might be something in it," he said. "I've heard a heap about treasure buried on this island by Captain Kidd, though I've never learned that any great amount of money was ever found. My father told me that when he was a boy he discovered some mysterious marks on a big tree near the north shore which he pointed out to the farmer he was working for, and that it led to a lot of useless digging in the neighborhood on the supposition that the marks indicated the presence of buried treasure somewhere about there. Nothing was found, however."

"Well, Joe, the object of this little journey is to try and find the cove and the rocks which resemble a coffin lid and a spyglass. If we find them that will be some evidence of the truthfulness of the document, for it was copied from the original paper written 200 years ago, and which has ever since remained as a curiosity in an old convent in the town of Setabal, Portugal. I looked the place up in my atlas and found it was on the Bay of Setabal, across a peninsula from Lisbon."

"I'm as anxious to reach the southern end of Gardner's Bay now as you are," said Tuttle, with a glistening eye.

"Now, I'll tell you about something else in connection with this treasure, and it's the unpleasant part of it."

"What's that?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"There are two rascally sailors who have their eye on it also."

"How do you know that?"

Jack told him what little he knew about Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres.

"Maybe they were drowned, for they were not in the boat when we picked her up."

"They are not drowned."

"What makes you think they're not?" asked his chum, in some surprise.

"Because I saw both of them this morning sitting under the old oak tree in front of our house."

"The dickens you did!" gasped Joe, much astonished.

Then Jack related his dream of the previous night, and how when he was dressing himself that morning he happened to glance out of one of his windows and saw the very rascals resting themselves under the tree.

"Gee; This looks like business. Seems to confirm the whole yarn."

"It does that."

By this time they were in sight of Easthampton, and ere long were spinning up the wide main street of the village, with its double border of great overhanging elm trees.

Some of the houses in this place are of modern Queen Anne build, but most of them are old homes of a century ago, with the quaint old gables and shingled roofs.

The boys continued straight on to Amagansett, two miles east, and then turned off northward towards Gardiner's Bay.

Within half an hour they caught sight of the distant waters, and made a spurt in their eagerness to reach their destination.

Finally they reached the smooth, hard beach and after traveling perhaps a mile along it, they came to a cove which somehow or another looked familiar to Jack's eyes, though he had never been in that neighborhood in his life.

"I'll bet this is the very spot we've come to find," he said, with eagerness.

"What makes you think so? I don't see any coffin-shaped or spyglass rock around here," returned Joe.

"I kind of feel it in my bones."

"Does it look like what you saw in your dream?"

"By George! That's it! It seemed as if I had been here before," cried Jack, excitedly.

"Well, then let's sit down and rest awhile. I'm tired," said Joe, suiting the action to the word by dropping his wheel on the beach and squatting down himself.

Jack followed suit, while his eyes roamed all around for a sight of the curiously shaped rocks he confidently expected to find.

As far as he could see from his present line of vision no such things were in view.

It was a calm, still afternoon.

Gardiner's Bay lay spread out before them without a wave or even a ripple.

"It's like a big looking-glass, isn't it?" remarked Joe, picking up a pebble and tossing it upon the surface of the water.

It fell with a light splash.

"I'll bet you couldn't find the hole that dropped into if you searched for a month," he grinned, while they both watched the ever widening circle caused by the stone.

After a time Joe got up and walked down to the water's edge.

"We ought to take a swim before we start to hunt for those rocks. We'll feel ever so much better after it," he said longingly.

"I'm with you," replied Jack.

Inside of three minutes they had their clothes off and were enjoying their bath in great shape.

They stayed in ten minutes and then as they started to wade ashore Joe uttered a sudden howl.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Jack.

Joe was standing on one foot in a few inches of water while he was holding the other up and feeling of it.

"I stepped on something sharp," replied Joe. "Thought a crab had nipped me."

He looked down into the water, then bent down and hauled up a fantastic looking object.

It was a long pistol of very curious and outlandish fashion, which from its rusted condition, and its stock being wormeaten and covered with barnacles, appeared to have lain a long time under water.

"Gee whiz!" cried Joe. "Here's a real relic of Captain Kidd."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE COFFIN LID AND THE SPYGLASS.

The name of the maker, coupled with the word "Cadiz," seemed to show that the weapon was of Spanish workmanship.

"It couldn't have been in the sand all these years or it wouldn't have got all those barnacles on it," said Joe.

"That's right. It has been washed in shore recently from somewhere out in the bay," replied Jack.

"Do you think it belonged to the Kidd crowd?"

"That is impossible to say, but I think we may take it for granted that it did if we find the Kidd treasure buried in this vicinity."

"It's quite a curiosity anyway. I mean to carry it home."

"You ought to present it to Professor Gregory. It will look well in his collection of antiques."

"I'll think about it."

They donned their garments and were then ready to hunt for the odd-shaped stones.

"I'll see how this cove bears from Gardiner's Island," said Jack, taking a small compass from his pocket.

He placed it on the beach.

"South by west," he added. "That's just what the paper says."

"At what hour is the tide at its highest notch?" asked Joe.

"It varies about an hour every day. To-day it will be high tide at 4:34. To-morrow at 5:40," answered Jack, after consulting his memorandum book.

"It must be half-past four now easy enough," replied Joe.

"It is twenty minutes of five," answered Jack, looking at his watch.

Joe stuck a stick into the sand to mark the water's edge.

Then he walked a hundred feet away and stuck another one down.

After that he fixed a third one further on and then rejoined his companion.

"That ought to be something of a guide if we find those stones," he said.

"In my dream I could find the Coffin Lid and the Spyglass from the beach," remarked Jack.

"Maybe they're behind that shrubbery on the bluff," suggested Joe.

"Then we'll go up there and look."

What Joe alluded to as a bluff was only a low bit of rising ground at the head of the beach.

The boys soon clambered up its face and pushed their way through the tangled mass of wild vegetation.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe, cutting a caper. "There's your spyglass or I'm a liar."

He pointed out a tallish rock from the top of which a long arm shot out at right angles.

It also bore some resemblance to a railroad semaphore signal, or a stretch of the imagination might have converted it into a rude imitation of a gallows with the brace missing.

"That's the Spyglass, sure enough, nodded the delighted Jack. "Then the Coffin Lid can't be far away."

They looked first to the south, but there wasn't a large rock in sight.

Then they turned in the other direction, but a line of trees cut off their view.

They walked along till they passed the trees when they came upon the Coffin Lid rock with startling suddenness.

It was a tall rock, narrow, except where it bulged out near the top, forming the likeness of an old-fashioned coffin, and was not over five inches thick.

It scarcely looked like the work of nature.

"How much would you take for your share of the treasure now, Jack?" asked Joe.

"I don't think I'd care to sell out," was the answer.

"Let's get in line with the Coffin Lid and walk back to the beach. It will be necessary to cut away a part of that rank vegetation in order to make our bearings exact," said Joe.

"Our bearings will have to be exact or we'll only waste time digging in the wrong place," put in Jack.

They paused on the edge of the tangled growth which rose between them and the beach.

"From this point we are looking straight at the edge of the Coffin Lid. Now how does the Spyglass bear by compass?" asked Joe.

Jack walked straight to the rock from where Joe stood.

"Sou'-sou'-west," he said on his return.

"That's how it should point according to the paper, isn't it?"

"Exactly."

"Then the paper doesn't lie even in one detail, which proves that somebody many years ago took those bearings for some purpose."

"I agree with you."

"Now then, march ahead as straight as you can and we will be able to get an idea about where the hole was dug two hundred years ago," said Joe.

They pushed through the vegetation, walked down the shelving bluff and stood on the beach once more.

"Now stand where you are, Jack, and I'll pace off the ground to a line with the stakes I drove down by the water's edge."

Joe carried out his plan and counted off twenty paces.

"Walk two paces ahead, Jack. That's right. Now if we could see the edge of the Coffin Lid from here you would be standing exactly above the treasure, provided my paces correspond with those of the man who made the original measurement. I'm going to jab a stick down here anyway in order to see how near I have come to it when we return here to-morrow better prepared to get the right bearings."

"You've got a great head, Joe," laughed Jack, as his companion drove a stick into the sand, and then rolled a piece of decayed log against it, the better to mark the spot.

"That's what my father says, only he qualifies it by adding there isn't much in it."

"Your father does you an injustice," chuckled his chum.

"That's my opinion, and I'm going to prove it to him some day."

"We've done all we can do to-day," said Jack, "and it's been very satisfactory in my opinion, so we may as well go back to Easthampton, and stay there all night. Then in the morning, we'll take the first train for Babylon and home."

"What for?" asked Joe, in surprise. "Aren't you going to try and get at that treasure while we're on the ground? We can buy a sharp axe to clear away the vegetation, and a shovel to dig with, at Easthampton, and come out in the morning."

"Of course we can, but what's the use? Suppose we get the exact bearings and unearth a box or chest, isn't it likely to be too heavy for us to bring to the surface? And even if we managed to break it open in the hole how could we carry its contents away with us?"

"Gee! I never thought of that," replied Joe, his countenance falling. "What are we going to do then?"

"My plan is this," said Jack. "We'll go home, borrow Tom Weatherbee's catboat, put aboard of her such tools as we think we'll need, also eatables for several days, and sail around here. I shall also take my shotgun and a revolver that belonged to my father, to be prepared to stand off Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres if they show up while we're here. Then if we find the treasure we can load it aboard the boat and carry it home, and no one need be the wiser."

"That's first class," agreed Joe; "but don't you think we ought to bring somebody else along to help us out in case those rascals should attack us?"

"No. I don't believe they'll have any other arms than sailors' knives. Our shooters will keep them at a distance if they should try to interfere."

"But they might come down on us in an apparently

friendly way. In that case we couldn't shoot, and then before we knew where we were they could close in on us suddenly, and do us up."

Jack hadn't considered that phase of the situation, and the possibility of such a thing happening rather interfered with his calculations.

"I'll have to think it over, Joe," he said. "Come on, let's get a move on. I am feeling hungry, and we can't get back to Easthampton any too soon to suit me."

They walked their wheels up the beach to the point where they first struck the shore, and then mounting them started off back the way they had come at good clip.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BEGINNING OPERATIONS.

The boys reached home by noon the following day, and Jack lost no time in making preparations to return in proper shape to recover Captain Kidd's treasure if it really was buried where the document indicated that it was.

He induced Tom Weatherbee to loan his catboat, Sally Ann, and anchored her off the point, within a quarter of a mile of the Ward cottage.

Joe had contributed a sharp hatchet and an axe, while Jack furnished a pair of shovels.

Each provided a lantern; also a fair share of provisions.

Then there was tackle and three stout pieces of wood to attach the main pulley to after the form of the three-cornered uprights of a witch's kettle.

Each of the pulleys had three wheels so as to make work easier on the muscles of the boys, though slower in execution, and the lower pulley was fitted with a hook.

After an early supper at home the boys pulled out to her, and set sail out of the harbor.

By sundown they were out on the Sound heading east.

They had a very fair wind to push them along, and the catboat carried a small bone in her teeth, heeling well to starboard.

At this rate we ought to be into Gardiner's Bay by sunrise," remarked Joe.

Jack, who held the tiller in his hand, nodded.

"Do you think those two rascals will get there ahead of us?" said Joe.

"Not if they're obliged to walk the whole distance," replied Jack. "They may, however get a lift now and then in a farm wagon, or they may be able to steal a ride on a freight train to Greenport."

"That would take them out of their way."

"They could cross on the ferry to the Prospect House wharf on Shelter Island, walk to the other end of the island, and get somebody to row them across the strait, from which point they could easily walk to Sag Harbor. From that town they would, of course, take the most direct route across the eastern end of the island to Gardiner's Bay.

However, I hardly think they'll go that way. I'll wager they're a cute pair of rascals, though I must admit that their presence in Northcliffe shows that they branched away from the most direct route to their destination."

"How do you know but they saw that account of David Dabney's rescue and subsequent death in the newspaper, and that they came to Northcliffe on purpose to see if they could find out what had become of the document he hoodwinked them out of?"

"That's right. It is quite a reasonable supposition. I'll bet that's just what brought them to Northcliffe."

"You saw them in front of your cottage, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well I wouldn't be surprised if they wanted to see you."

"To see me!" exclaimed Jack, a bit startled. "What put that in your head?"

"Why your name was in the paper as having attended Dabney up to his death. They might have suspected that the mate may have turned the paper over to you when he found he was dying, just as he actually did. Did your mother or sister tell you that any one called to see you while you were away?"

"Why yes. Sis told me that a seafaring man called at the cottage and inquired for me soon after I left yesterday morning. She said he was a stranger, who didn't leave his name, and I didn't bother her about particulars, as I was so eager to get off on our trip."

"That was one of those chaps, you may depend on it. They missed you, however, because you got away from the village so early."

"It's a wonder, then, they didn't hang around waiting for me to get back."

"How do you know but what they did? How do you know but they watched us load the stuff on this catboat, and guessed the errand we were about to embark on? How do you know but they are hurrying after us, by train, perhaps, if they have the price, and that we may find them waiting on the ground ready to pounce on us when we land at the cove? I tell you, old chap, we can't be too much on our guard."

"You're putting it pretty strong, Joe," said Jack, evidently much impressed by his chum's suggestions. "We'll have to keep our weather eye lifted for fair. I almost wish now that I had pressed in a third party. I would have done so, only the fewer you have in a project of this kind the less chance the secret has of leaking out."

The boys continued to discuss the probability of a meeting with Sherlock and Dacres at the cove, and the means they would adopt to avoid a run-in with them, until ten o'clock, when Joe turned in for a two-hour snooze, as it was arranged between them that Tuttle should stand watch and steer between midnight and four in the morning.

The wind held fair and the night was fine, so that Jack had no trouble holding the catboat down to her course during the two hours he remained alone at the helm.

His thoughts, as a matter of course, were largely em-

ployed in speculating upon the treasure he confidently expected to unearth in the cove.

"I wonder if there is really a million dollars' worth of coin and valuables hidden in the sand there?" he asked himself. "A million seems a lot of money even at this day, but Captain Kidd could easily have acquired several millions in coin and pieces of eight, as they were called in those days, when one considers the chance he had at those rich Spanish galleons. I haven't the least doubt but he kept the larger part of the booty intact, intending to get away with it for his own private advantage. When he came back to the colonies here, and found that his actions in foreign waters were viewed with suspicion, it would only have been a natural precaution on his part to have hidden the bulk of his treasure where his enemies were not likely to find it. It will be a great find if Joe and I secure it."

When twelve o'clock came around, Jack aroused his companion to take his spell at the tiller, and then lay down on one of the narrow bunks in the cuddy.

He was asleep in five minutes.

Joe found his lonesome watch anything but entertaining.

He also made a mental calculation as to the amount of the treasure supposed to be buried in the cove, and wondered what he would do with his share if it amounted to any very considerable sum.

Several times he caught himself nodding at his post and recovered himself with a start to find the mainsail flapping and the boat slightly off her course.

When he called Jack at four a. m., the boat was approaching Orient Point, the easternmost end of the northern arm of the island.

Jack steered the Sally Ann through the passage known as Plum Gut, which lies between Orient Point and Plum Island.

This brought the boat into Gardiner's Bay, and then Jack held a course almost due south for the southern arm of Long Island.

The cove he intended to reach was about ten miles away.

The sun rose at twenty minutes past five, by which time he was close to their destination.

According to the almanac the morning tide was at its highest point at 6:15.

At a quarter to six Jack ran the Sally Ann into the cove, cast overboard the anchor and then awakened his companion.

The first thing they did was to row ashore in the small boat and take a good view of the neighborhood, with an eye to Sherlock and Dacres.

There were no signs to show that those individuals had found their way to that locality, and the boys felt greatly relieved.

By this time it was high tide, and Joe examined the water line with much interest to see how it corresponded with an imaginary line drawn through the three stakes he had planted thirty-seven hours before, and found that they practically filled the bill.

"By running a line from one of the outer stakes to the

other, Jack," he said "we will have the high tide mark, so we can begin operations when we choose without further reference to the action of the water."

Jack nodded, and suggested that they return to the boat and have their breakfast.

There was an oil stove and sundry kitchen utensils aboard which Tom Weatherbee carried with him on his fishing cruises, and the boys utilized these to cook a pot of coffee and fry some fish which Jack had secured on his sail across the bay.

They enjoyed their meal immensely, and while Joe was washing up the pans and dishes, Jack put the axe and hatchet into the small boat, and made other preparations looking toward the beginning of their day's campaign.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MEN ON THE BEACH.

The boys rowed to the beach, took another survey of the vicinity to see if anyone was around, and then started in with a will to clear away that portion of the vegetation on the raised ground which cut off the view of the Coffin Lid.

It was hard work, and some boys would have tired of it.

Not so Jack Ward and Joe Tuttle.

The prospect of reaping a huge reward for this labor stimulated them to persevere, though the morning sun was growing warmer every moment and the perspiration gathered on their foreheads and trickled down their cheeks.

Every once and awhile one of them would cease work and take a look around.

There was always a possibility of some summer resident wandering out that way, even if Sherlock and Dacres themselves did not show up, and their actions would undoubtedly have attracted the curiosity of any straggler.

It was after nine o'clock by the time they had blazed an open way to the edge of the little bluff.

"That will do now," said Jack, wiping his heated brow. "I'll drive a stake here directly in line with the Coffin Lid, then we'll run a line between the outermost stakes and pace off the required distance. After which we have a nice little job of digging before us."

Jack planted the stake on the edge of the bluff.

He placed the compass beside it and noted how the edge of the Coffin Lid bore.

"Sou'-east and nor'-west," he said.

They went to the boat, got the long line and stretched it from stake to stake on the bluff, and marked it with three small stakes placed close together.

He rolled up the line and returned it to the boat.

"Now mark off eighteen paces, Joe, between the high-water line and the stake on the bluff."

Joe did so, and found that the mark he had made on Monday afternoon lay four feet to the right of the true spot.

He then transferred the tree stump to the right place.

"If the treasure is here I guess we've got it spotted now," said Joe, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"That's right," replied Jack. "Now we'll go aboard the boat and get the shovels."

They pushed off from the beach, boarded the catboat and sat down in the cockpit to take a rest.

As the sun was decidedly hot they made a sort of awning with the loose folds of the mainsail.

Underneath this they sprawled, looking shoreward, while the seabreeze fanned their warm cheeks.

"It's going to be a hot job digging an eight-foot hole in the shore," said Joe. "I'm bound to say that nothing but the anticipation of what we expect to find at the bottom of it would induce me to tackle it."

"I've just been considering the matter," replied Jack, "and have decided to put the work off until after dark."

"After dark!"

"Yes. Then we should hardly be interefered with by casual visitors, and the work would go on much quicker and more pleasanter in the cool night air."

"That's right," nodded Joe, with satisfaction. "We've got a couple of lanterns aboard that will furnish us with all the illumination we will need."

And so it was decided to postpone the work until after sundown.

There was a small island about a mile away which lay to the south of Gardiner's and Joe suggested that they sail over there and see if they couldn't find a shadier anchorage than where they lay.

Jack agreed.

They hoisted sail, pulled up the anchor and made a line for it.

It offered no shady mooring ground, but there were inviting nooks ashore that tempted them to land.

They slept for the greater part of the afternoon under the trees, and then returned to the cove about six o'clock.

"Hello," exclaimed Joe, after they had dropped anchor, there's a couple of men stretched out on the beach yonder."

Jack looked in the direction he pointed and saw two figures lolling not far from the spot they had marked as the site of the treasure.

"I can't identify those chaps from here, but I'd be willing to bet a dollar to a doughnut those chaps are Gabe Sherlock and Bill Dacres," said Jack, with a look of disgust.

"Well, if that wouldn't make any fellow mad," growled Joe.

"Don't pay any attention to them, and maybe they'll go away when they get rested."

"I can't see what those rescals expect to do out here anyway," said Joe. "You say they can't locate the spot they're hunting for without that paper you got from Dabney. And even if they could how do they expect to dig for it without shovels? and what means have they for carrying away a lot of money and valuables if they came upon it?"

"Ask me something easier, Joe. I imagine they are out here for the purpose of looking about in a general way. They may know more about those signs than we have any idea of. If they should be able to get the bearings of the treasure, such chaps as they would think nothing of going over to Sag Harbor and stealing not only shovels, but a sailboat to carry the stuff off in if they found it."

"They're taking a sight of us now," said Joe.

"They're welcome to take as many sights as they choose. Get the stoye out, Joe, and we'll cook our supper."

Three-quarters of an hour passed away, during which the boys cooked and ate their evening meal, without taking any apparent notice of the two men on the beach.

"They don't seem to be making any start that I can see," said Joe at length. "As the case stands we're blocked until they get out of the way."

This was a fact that Jack could not deny.

"Maybe they're waiting for us to hoist sail and depart," he said.

"If they are they'll be disappointed."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Jack. "We can't go ashore to do anything while we have any idea they're in the vicinity. I think the best thing we can do is to throw a good bluff."

"How?" asked Joe.

"Hoist our anchor and sail off toward Sag Harbor. Then return an hour or two after dark."

"That isn't a bad scheme."

"It ought to work unless those rascals mean to camp out there all night."

"Let's get busy, then."

The boys hoisted their sail, and then tackled the anchor.

While Joe was turning the little drum-windless forward Jack saw the two men get up from their lounging spot and saunter down to the water line.

There was little doubt now as to their identity, for one

was tall and spare, while the other was short and square-built.

Fashioning his hands into a sort of speaking-trumpet the tall man hailed them.

"Boat ahoy!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SITUATION CHANGED.

Joe stopped turning the drum and the boys stared across the short stretch of water between the Sally Ann and the shore.

"Ahoy yourself!" returned Jack.

"Where are ye bound?" asked Sherlock.

"Sag Harbor," replied Jack at a venture.

"Carry us around there, will you? We're stranded," replied the tall man.

Jack and Joe stared at each other blankly.

"Tell them we're not taking passengers," said Joe, recommencing the operation of lifting the anchor from the bottom.

"We've got no accommodation for passengers," shouted Jack.

"We'll sit forward out of your way," roared Sherlock.

"Why don't you walk down to Amagansett? That's only about two miles away on the south shore," answered Jack, trying to shake them off as politely as possible.

"We want to get to Sag Harbor."

"You can walk there quicker than we can sail there," said Jack. "It's only ten miles or so across country almost due west. It's more than double that distance by water."

"We're played out. You'll do us a big favor by taking us around on your boat. If ye don't we'll have to lie out here all night."

"If they stay there all night," said Joe. "We're dished for twenty-four hours more. It would be a good thing for us if we could get them out of the way for a few hours—say till to-morrow morning."

"But I don't want them aboard this boat," objected Jack.

"No more do I," admitted Joe; "but I don't see any better way of getting rid of them than to carry them to Sag Harbor."

"It would take us all of three hours to do that, and three more to get back here again. By that time it would be after one in the morning, and the best part of the night would be wasted. Besides you can't tell what designs those rascals

have in their minds. It would be much safer to waste another twenty-four hours than to give those chaps a chance to do us up."

"Are ye goin' to take us aboard?" asked Sherlock, impatiently.

Ever since Joe had got the anchor off bottom the boat had been drifting nearer the shore, and they were now able to see the faces of the two men more distinctly.

"We'd rather not," replied Jack, letting the sail fill with the light breeze and the boat stopped drifting and began to forge off shore.

Sherlock saw there was no further use parleying, and sent a volley of oaths after the retreating boat.

Jack paid no further attention to him, but seated himself on the weather side of the tiller.

Joe secured the anchor aboard and joined his companion in the cockpit.

Sherlock and Dacres seemed to be consulting together on the beach.

Presently the boys saw them turn around, walk up the shore and disappear among the bushes.

We may as well go back to the island and spend the night there, and to-morrow as well," said Joe.

"If we started for it now that would kind of give the lie to my assertion that we were bound for Sag Harbor. We'll follow the shore line until it gets dark then we'll tack and run over to the island."

"All right," replied Joe. "You're the skipper."

The breeze was light and they made way slowly.

Gradually darkness closed in upon the land and water-  
scape.

It was quite dark by the time they reached a little head-  
land that projected a hundred feet or so into the bay.

The Sally Ann's course took her within a dozen yards of the extreme end of this point.

"I guess we'll come about now," said Jack, putting the tiller hard down.

The boat responded slowly, and the boys crawled under the boom as it swung over close above their heads.

As they resumed their seats on the other side of the cockpit two pairs of wet hands grasped the lee side of the boat, two heads bobbed above her inclined rail, and two legs were simultaneously thrown inboard.

The boys did not notice these things in the gloom until they suddenly saw two figures rise out of the water and scramble aboard the Sally Ann.

Before they thoroughly grasped the situation, Gabe Sherlock and his pal, Bill Dacres, were standing in the cockpit before them.

"Now, you young son of a seacock," exclaimed Sherlock, advancing threateningly on Jack, "we'll see whether you'll take us to Sag Harbor or not."

"You've no right aboard this boat if we don't want you," replied Jack doggedly, rising to his feet.

"Shut up, you young monkey!" replied Sherlock, pushing him back on his seat. "We're boss of this ranch now. Just tie up these chaps, Dacres, and we'll run this hooker to please ourselves."

Dacres looked around for a suitable line to carry out his companion's directions, and his eyes lighted on the coil the boys had used to mark off high tide with.

He pounced upon it and then made a grab for Joe Tuttle.

Joe, however, presented a belligerent front, whereupon Dacres drew his sailor's knife and said:

"If you give me any trouble, you young whelp, I'll slit yer wizen."

The odds were so clearly against him that Joe gave up and allowed the man to secure him.

"Now trice up the other chap," ordered Sherlock.

Jack saw it would be useless to resist so he yielded to stern necessity.

"You didn't gain a heap by refusin' to take us aboard, did ye?" grinned the carpenter of the lost Anthony Wayne. "There's more ways than one of killin' a cat, and old birds like me and Bill know a thing or two I reckon. Now who are you chaps and where d'ye hail from?"

Neither of the boys made answer to this question.

"Oh, you're sulky, are ye?" said Sherlock, savagely. "I guess I kin make ye speak if I want to. Dive into the cuddy, Bill, and see what ye kin find to eat."

Dacres obeyed and fell over the pieces of wood and tackle which lay on the floor.

He swore like a trooper.

"What's the matter with ye, Bill. Have you lost your sea legs all at once?"

"The place is full of dunnage," roared back Dacres, with an oath.

"It is, eh? Can't ye find a match to strike a light?" replied Sherlock. "Where d'ye keep your lucifers?" he demanded, turning on Jack.

Without waiting for reply he commenced to fumble in the boy's pockets, and soon came across his match safe.

"Here ye are, Bill," he said, and Dacres came out and got the matches.

The rascal soon spied out one of the lanterns and lighted it.

With this to help him he found the provision box, and

soon he and Sherlock were filling up on meat sandwiches and a whole fruit pie.

They ate like famished men, and made a big hole in the supplies the boys had fetched along.

As soon as they had satisfied their appetites, Sherlock took the lantern and looked into the cabin.

When he reappeared in the cockpit he held up the lantern before the faces of each of the boys.

"What's your name?" he asked Jack.

"It won't do you any good to know," replied the boy.

"How d'ye know it won't," replied Sherlock. "I reckon I know anyway. You're Jack Ward, the chap that helped rescue second mate Dabney, of the brig Anthony Wayne, in the Sound last week. He told ye a yarn about some pirate treasure buried down this way, and he gave ye a paper that p'inted out the spot. That's what brought ye down this way. Ye came to hunt for it. Ye were in the cove afore to-day, for we seen where someone had cut down the shrubbery, and marked a spot on the beach. You're a couple of clever coves, ye are, but not clever enough to hoodwink me and Bill. We've been studyin' them marks, and puttin' our heads together. We saw where ye'd tramped in a straight line from three small stakes down near the water. I reckon we don't need that paper ye've got about ye. Ye've done all that's necessary except dig; and ye intended to do that to-night. That's what ye came back for, but when ye seen us ye changed your minds. When I hailed you, ye said ye were goin' to Sag Harbor, which was a lie, wasn't it? Ye hadn't no intentions of goin' to Sag Harbor nor anywhere else. Ye told us that to throw sand in our eyes. Ye see we're on to your little game."

"And you were bluffing us, too," said Jack, desperately. "You didn't want to go to Sag Harbor, either. All you wanted was to get aboard this boat."

"That's jest what we wanted," grinned Sherlock. "And we've done it."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE TREASURE FOUND.

During all this time the Sally Ann lay almost stationary on the water.

The carpenter had thrown her up into the wind.

He now headed her back to the cove, only a short distance away.

When she was close to the beach he threw out her anchor.

Hauling the rowboat around he told Dacres to throw in the two shovels.

Then the rascal ordered the boys into the boat.

After a short consultation he and Dacres followed with the lantern.

Pushing the boys ahead they marched to the spot Joe had marked off as the site of the treasure.

"Now," said Sherlock, holding up the lantern and drawing his knife, while Dacres drew his, "I'm goin' to cut you chaps loose. But don't ye attempt to run away. If ye try it on ye'll find a knife in your back in the twist of a pig's tail. Ye were goin' to dig for that treasure, warn't ye? Well, ye sha'n't be disapp'inted," with a cruel grin. "Ye shall dig, and dig hard, d'ye understand? It'll save us the trouble, and maybe if we find a good haul we'll give ye somethin' for your trouble."

He cut the boys free and pointing to the shovels ordered them to get busy.

Much against their inclinations Jack and Joe had to fall to, for there was no escape for them.

The two rascals kept a sharp eye on them, and stirred them up when they lagged in the work.

After they had dug a trench four feet square and five deep, and seemed ready to drop from fatigue, they were permitted to rest for half an hour in the hole.

"This is tough luck!" muttered Joe, as he wiped his forehead.

Jack nodded, but didn't express this thoughts in words.

"Pass up that paper you got from Dabney," said Sherlock, looking down into the hole.

Jack handed it up to the rascal.

"Dig six feet, eh?" he muttered. "Skull, two feet. Well, if ye've struck the right spot ye ought to be close upon the chest, or whatever it is. Get a move on, you chaps, and let us see what ye kin turn up."

So Jack and his chum started in again with the shovels and made the sand fly.

"We are down more than six feet now," said Joe in a low tone, "and there's no sign yet of that skull."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before his shovel struck something hard.

In a few moments they exposed a grinning skull.

"What have ye got there?" called down Sherlock, flashing the lantern's light into the excavation. "A skull, eh? Toss it up."

Joe did so, and the carpenter picked it up and looked at it.

"Keep on diggin' down there, and don't ye dare stop till ye strike somethin'."

The boys now felt that only a couple of feet of sand intervened between the treasure; and they were not wrong.

Their shovels soon met with another obstruction, which proved to be a small iron-bound box, and alongside of it were three others.

Sherlock sent Dacres aboard the catboat for the tackle and the wooden uprights, and the two sailors soon had it rigged in shipshape fashion.

The carpenter threw down a sling to the boys and ordered them to put it around one of the boxes.

This accomplished, the hook block was attached to it and Jack and Joe ordered to hoist away.

In this way ten boxes and a small chest were lifted out of the hole and landed on the beach.

That appeared to comprise the whole treasure.

The boys were ordered out of the hole and compelled to haul the boxes down to the water's edge.

They were then transferred a few at a time to the sailboat.

The chest was the last taken aboard.

The boxes were taken into the cabin, and one of them smashed open by the impatient carpenter in his eagerness to see the character of the treasure.

A stream of old fashioned gold coin fell on the cuddy floor.

The sight of the money as it flashed in the light of the lantern threw Sherlock and his companion into a fever of excitement, and for the time their attention was entirely distracted from the boys.

Jack was quick to perceive their advantage.

He was standing close to the locker in which he had placed his revolver when he first came aboard.

Slowly and with caution he pulled the locker open and drew out the weapon.

He nudged Joe and pointed at the knife Sherlock had incautiously laid down on one of the boxes.

Joe reached out his arm and seized it.

The action attracted Dacres' attention.

"Drop that, curse yer!" he cried, making a lurch at Joe with his own knife.

Quick as a flash Jack raised his revolver and fired at him point blank.

Dacres clapped his hand to his breast and sank down with a groan.

Sherlock looked up astonished and startled to find the tables were turned on himself and his comrade, and the two boys masters of the situation.

"Throw up your hands!" cried the boy, "or I'll shoot you down like a dog."

Jack meant business, and if Sherlock, after a string of oaths, had not yielded he would have disabled the rascal with a ball.

"Tie him, Joe," ordered Jack, and Joe soon had the carpenter well secured.

They lifted Dacres up and laid him on one of the lockers.

He was evidently severely wounded, but just how bad they couldn't say.

While Joe stood guard with the revolver at the cuddy door, Jack hoisted the sail and then the anchor, and steered for Orient Point.

It was noon next day when the Sally Ann pointed her nose into the bay which communicated with Northcliffe harbor.

An hour and a half later the boat came to anchor off the point near Jack's house.

The first thing they did was to row Sherlock and the wounded man ashore, and turn both over to the head constable of the village, making a charge of assault against them.

The former was locked up and the latter was placed in a doctor's hands, who declared him to be dangerously, though not fatally, wounded.

He recovered in a month, and subsequently both were tried for attacking the boys in their boat, and got a three-year sentence.

Jack had the chest and ten boxes conveyed to his house, where they were opened and found to contain gold coins of Spanish, French and even English coinage.

The chest in addition contained many trays full of valuable rings, watches, small jeweled church ornaments, as well as handfuls of unset diamonds and other precious stones.

The entire value of the treasure was found to be \$1,200,000, after it had been turned into American money.

Thus Joe got \$120,000 in the end for his share, while Jack came into his million, and in due time married Miss Nannie Wilcox, thus proving that he was A BOY WHO WAS BORN LUCKY.

THE END.

Read "LOST IN THE ANDES; OR, THE TREASURE OF A BURIED CITY," which will be the next number (56) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

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